

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2322.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

WITH SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS By Post, 6½d.



THE REV. GEORGE A. SHAW,
LATE MISSIONARY AT TAMATAVE, MADAGASCAR.



MR. EDGAR VINCENT,
FINANCIAL ADVISER TO THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.



SKETCHES IN ANNAM: A RIVERSIDE DWELLING.

BIRTHS.

On the 13th inst., at 60, Hereford-road, London, N., the wife of S. C. Duncan-Clark, of Toronto, of a son.

On the 14th inst., at Shirley-place, Tunbridge Wells, the wife of George S. A. Ranking, M.D., Cantab, Surgeon Bengal Army, of a son.

On the 14th inst., at Buchanan Castle, Glasgow, the Duchess of Montrose, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 13th inst., at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. Walter L. Stephens, of Redland, Bristol, to Edith J., daughter of Mr. Frederick Warne, of Bedford-square, London.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 27.

SUNDAY, OCT. 21.
Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Lessons: Dan. vi.
II. Thess. i. Evening Lessons:
Dan. vii. 9, or xii.; Luke xv. 11.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev.
Charles Gore; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon
C. W. Furse.
St. James's, noon, Rev. Francis
Garden, the Sub-Dean.

MONDAY, OCT. 22.
Moon's last quarter, 11.19 p.m.
Races: Newmarket Houghton Meet-
ing.

TUESDAY, OCT. 23.
Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m.
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24.
Treaty of Peking (Great Britain, France, and China), 1860.

THURSDAY, OCT. 25.
Toxophilite Society, extra target.
City of London College; Prizes dis-
tributed by Mr. E. Clarke, M.P.

FRIDAY, OCT. 26.
Royal Academy of Arts, 8 p.m.—
Professor J. Marshall on the
Muscles of the Human Body.
Quekett Microscopical Club, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCT. 27.
Society of Schoolmasters, 2 p.m.
Amateur Orchestral Society, 8 p.m.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 15' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Miles.	In.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum read at 10 p.m.	Minimum read at 10 a.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.		
October	7 30.406	49.4	44.2	83	9	55.5	39.8	NW. W.	53	0.000	30.045
8	30.481	56.7	53.5	90	10	61.2	51.8	W. WSW.	62	0.000	30.045
9	30.282	53.6	50.0	89	8	59.0	49.1	WSW.	63	0.005	30.005
10	29.953	51.5	48.5	90	"	59.5	43.7	WSW. E.	36	0.005	30.005
11	29.864	51.9	48.9	90	"	59.1	46.8	E. NNE.	40	0.000	30.000
12	30.034	48.9	45.1	88	"	56.1	42.9	NE.	106	0.010	30.010
13	30.010	50.7	48.5	92	6	59.0	42.2	ESE. S.	109	0.010	30.010

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the
above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:

Barometer (in inches) corrected	30.434	30.508	30.381	30.048	29.851	30.050	30.045
Temperature of Air	48.1	56.2	55.2	51.8	51.6	50.8	50.2
Temperature of Evaporation	44.4	54.8	53.0	50.3	50.9	48.9	49.3
Direction of Wind	NW.	W.	WSW.	WSW.	E.	NNE.	ESE.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 20, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
6 3	5 25	6 20	6 49	7 20	7 58	8 37

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.

Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly,
and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London
and Brighton.

Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the
Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to
Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 6.45 a.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from
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THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.

Day Return First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium
and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service every Weeknight (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), from Victoria
7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s.,
38s., 30s.

Powerful Pullman Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c.
Trains run along the coasters at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are
issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28 Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. Knight, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Triumphant success of the

MOORE AND BURGESS' MINSTRELS'

NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE.

The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of
THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and
THE RAIN OF TEBER.

with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo.

EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.

Omni-buses run from the Fisheries Exhibition direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, ST.

JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, OCT. 22, at Half-past Three. Programme con-
sists of Pianoforte Works by Franz Liszt (born Oct. 22, 1811). Vocalist, Miss Ambler
Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LAMHALL-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law. Music by Alfred J. Cald- cott; and Mr. Corney Grain's new Musical Sketch, ON THE THAMES. Concluding with a new first piece, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey, Author of "The Parvenu," &c. will be acted by Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbolm-Tree, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry. Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Mr. John Clayton. Box-office hours, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.40. MORNING PERFORMANCES OF THE MILLIONAIRE To-Day (Saturday), Oct. 20, and Saturday next, Oct. 27, at 2.30.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

LARGEST FISHERIES EXHIBITION EVER HELD.—WILL CLOSE, OCT. 31.

Open Daily, from Nine a.m. till Ten p.m., except Wednesday and Saturday, when
doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m. respectively.

BRILLIANT ILLUMINATION of the Exhibition and Grounds by the
ELECTRIC LIGHT every evening. Lighting power one million candles.

The Full Band of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. Dan
Godfrey, will perform a Grand Selection of Music of the best Composers Daily from
2.30 to 9.45 p.m.

Admission One Shilling every day except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Children
under Twelve, half price.

EVENING FETES.

On EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY the Exhibition will be open until
Eleven p.m. The Band will play from 3.45 till 10.45. Special FETES will be held,
and the Grounds brilliantly illuminated, under the management of Mr. James Paine,
as on the occasion of the Royal Fête on July 18.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject,
the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications
for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets issued by The Inter-
leaf or Leaflet Company, or bearing any other title, and said to
be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such
Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

Will be ready next Wednesday, Oct. 24,

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Albany to Hudders-
field, after they had been present at the Leeds Musical
Festival, was a distinction well deserved and cordially
appreciated. That enterprising Yorkshire borough, like
many others of our large towns, is distinguished for
its local patriotism and municipal improvements, including
a new Technical School. The munificence of a citizen has
provided Huddersfield with a splendid site for Beaumont
Park; and in opening this place of recreation for the
benefit of its inhabitants their Royal Highnesses were dis-
charging one of the most appropriate functions of Royalty,
and had their reward in a most enthusiastic reception.
In his short address at the civic luncheon Prince Leopold,
as usual, made some timely remarks. He dwelt upon the
necessity of multiplying wholesome workmen's dwellings—
likely soon to become a "burning" question in Parlia-
ment—and pointed with satisfaction to the progress of
technical knowledge, which, according to the report of
the Commissioners who have been inquiring into the
subject, has been so marked, that England has now little
to fear from Continental rivalry in decorative arts and
manufactures. We could almost have wished that it had
fallen within the scope of the Prince's remarks to give
a broad hint to the wealthy magnates and citizens of
London, who out of their boundless resources might easily
have provided a Paddington Park, and, by generous com-
bination, might even now save Alexandra Park from the
ruthless hands of the builder, which seems destined to be
its fate.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has left our shores to
assume the Governor-Generalship of the Canadian
Dominion, an office of great and increasing responsibilities.
His Lordship, who according to general testimony pos-
sesses qualities which peculiarly fit him to be a worthy
successor of Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne,
promises to direct his efforts towards the consolidation
of the Empire and the conservation of Canadian loyalty. He
will, as Viceroy, rule over a country which, stretching
across the American continent, from Nova Scotia to
British Columbia, is an empire in itself. For the present
the communities that people this vast region are as loyal
to Queen Victoria as Englishmen, because they are self-
governed. The tie is not the less strong because it is
sentimental, and there is no evidence that the Canadian
Dominion has any desire to sever it. But the relations of
our great colonies generally to the mother country are
likely to become a serious problem in the near future.
Recent official correspondence, for instance, shows how
unexpectedly questions of great delicacy may arise, such
as the demand of the Australian colonies for the annex-
ation of New Guinea and the Western Pacific Islands.
Lord Derby, with statesman-like caution, proposes, as
preliminary to an arrangement, the federation of these
colonies. The project, which has complex bearings, is to
be seriously discussed a few weeks hence at a formal con-
ference of Australian delegates. Meanwhile, the colonists
demand prompt action to save them from the contamination
of convicts whom France is anxious to locate on some
of the islands in question. Looking still further ahead,
Professor Seeley, in a recent remarkable book, has pro-
posed a scheme of federation for the entire British com-
munities as the only means of preserving their unity and
averting disintegration. Whether or not the suggestion
is visionary, the relations of the component parts of the
empire to England and to each other, is a subject that is

likely to tax the ingenuity of our foremost statesmen of
the future.

M. Ferry's trip into Normandy has proved to be a
sagacious act. In his speeches at Rouen and Havre,
where he has been exceedingly well received, the French
Premier has summoned his countrymen to support the
"Republic of Common Sense" against an Irreconcilable
party that "attacks and insults us, that is contented with
nothing; that criticises everything about to be done, as
well as all that has been done; and that is as yet unable
to do aught." The courageous attitude of M. Ferry,
which has enraged the Extreme Left, has so rallied public
opinion to the side of the Government that there is the
prospect of a Ministerial triumph when the Chambers
meet next week. It is, however, dangerous to speculate
as to the drift of events in France, especially at a time
when its export trade is rapidly declining, when the
expenditure has risen to a hundred and forty millions
sterling, and when a large deficit is expected.

The French Prime Minister in his several speeches was
prudently silent on questions of foreign policy. But the
prospect is less menacing than it was a week or two ago.
The change of Ministry at Madrid seems to have finally
disposed of the difficulties arising out of the Parisian
insult to King Alfonso, though the Spanish nation is
highly dissatisfied with M. Grévy's ungracious reparation.
The conciliatory language of the Marquis Tseng at his
reception by the inhabitants of Folkestone, and the with-
drawal of the Chinese forces in Tonquin, are favourable to
an ultimate pacific compromise, which will avert hostilities
between France and China. And, although our neigh-
bours have not as yet abandoned their designs upon
Madagascar, where their expeditionary force is a prey to
fever, their Government seem disposed tardily but satis-
factorily to settle the Shaw question. An indemnity of
£2400 to that injured Englishman and Missionary, and a
letter of diplomatic apology, would be in accordance with
the pledge given by M. Challemel-Lacour, and would put
an end to a difficulty which has greatly stirred British
feeling.

If for a moment we cross the Atlantic, we find Lord
Coleridge, who is about to return home, taking our
American cousins by storm. His Lordship's address at
his brilliant reception by the New York Bar, combined
the consummate skill of a Parliamentary orator with the
astuteness of an accomplished lawyer, and was none the
less effective before such an audience for the frank avowal
that he was more in agreement with Mr. Bright, whose
name stands very high throughout the Great Republic,
than with any living politician. Our kinsmen are hugely
delighted with the delicate flattery of the Lord Chief
Justice. Though indulging in some mild criticism of
their institutions, he had seen amongst them, he said, the
characteristics of a great nation. Great areas, a numerous
population, and large fortunes may, he said, be found
equally elsewhere; but the strength and purity of the
national sentiment among the middle classes surprised
him. He had met among them men who would be a
credit to any capital in the world. He had found gentle-
men owning their homes, farmers owning their farms,
artisans owning their cottages; and this system was pro-
ductive of happiness in peace and of strength in war.
And then his Lordship judiciously turned his eulogium to
account by remarking that the United States and
England had their separate excellences, and each was, in
a certain sense, the complement of the other. "Joined
together as allies, as friends, as comrades, the two
countries were absolutely irresistible in the world," and
he hoped this "sacred friendship" might never be
impaired. It was a grand opportunity, and Lord
Coleridge made the best use of it as an informal ambas-
sador of peace. For he was speaking to a kindred nation
fifty millions strong, that must in a short space completely
outstrip the old country in population and vigour.

While the equinoctial gales have been raging around
us, and have once again baulked Sir Stafford Northcote on
his return from Ireland of an enjoyable cruise in the ill-
fated Pandora, it is satisfactory to know that the harvest
of 1883 is safely gathered in, except in some remote upland
districts. In the absence of reliable statistics, there have
been varied estimates as to its productiveness. Sir John
Lawes has published his calculations of the yield of the
wheat crop, based, to a great extent, on his own obser-
vations. That eminent agriculturist thinks the total pro-
duce of the wheat plant may be estimated at 8,750,000
quarters, or slightly over one third of the requirements of
the country, and that it is the largest crop grown since
1874. But there is a huge deficit of some sixteen
millions that will have to be made good by importation.
We commence a new harvest year with a heavy
stock of foreign corn, which keeps down prices, and
is not encouraging for the British farmer. Sir William
Lawes leaves out of account other crops, some of which—
such as barley, oats, and especially potatoes—have been
abundant. We must not, in the present state of things,
look for that great revival of trade which depends so
much upon the prosperity of our agricultural classes, but
still we may take comfort in the belief that the food
resources of the nation are, on the whole, better than
at the same period last year.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The correspondent of a contemporary has drawn attention to the fact that the Second Sunday in November is the Four Hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther; and he very cogently asks whether the Church or the people of England will allow to pass by unobserved and unnoticed so memorable and significant an incident as the birthday of the Great Reformer. "The blessings, religious, social, and political, that we and the whole world owe to Luther are simply incalculable and immense." Thus the Rev. Dr. Stanley Leathes, in the *Times*.

Meanwhile, I have been reading the "Luther Anecdotes," memorable sayings and doings, gathered from his books, letters, and history, compiled by Dr. Macaulay, which has just been published by the Religious Tract Society. In his modest and lucid introduction, Dr. Macaulay observes that "the books, treatises, and articles about Luther are innumerable. Many years ago there was a catalogue of above a thousand works (about M. L.), and they have since multiplied." The Americans have also made contributions to the subject, and to an American writer, Dr. Morris, of Baltimore, Dr. Macaulay owns his indebtedness. He also cites the pictorial life of Luther by Gustav König as having been very popular in Germany. I have an English translation of König's Pictorial Life, a small quarto of 350 pages, with an Introduction by Dr. Croly on the Reformation in England, and exquisitely illustrated with wood engravings, after German artists, and after our own English draughtsmen, Gilbert, Clayton, Nicholson, and Dalziel.

This handsome book was published by Ward and Lock in 1858. Dr. Macaulay also refers to "the beautiful and interesting volume by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, 'Homes and Haunts of Luther,' prepared after repeated visits by the accomplished author to the scenes memorable in Luther's life and history. And did not Henry Mayhew either produce or at least contemplate a book on 'The Footsteps of Luther'?" Perhaps the scheme was merged in that of H. M.'s curious book on German life and manners.

I have turned over the "Luther Anecdotes" somewhat hastily, and cannot find the story long a favourite with me of the Student who, burning to listen to the Reformer's Table Talk delivered *viva voce*, hid himself, note-book in hand, under the table at which Luther and his wife were at dinner. Dr. Martin espied the intruder; lugged him by one ear from his hiding-place; flung the contents of a bowl of porridge in his face, and dismissed him, saying cheerfully, "Be careful to put the porridge in your notes." He could be as merry as he was learned and pious; and it was only the jovial side of his character that was taken by Mr. Thackeray in a song (which might possibly somewhat flutter Dr. Macaulay) called "The Reverend Dr. Luther." Many a time and oft have I heard the author of "Vanity Fair" sing that song. It is printed in the *Edition de Luxe* with "Little Billie" and other festive chants; but I do not know whether it is in any other edition of his collected works. Of course, Dr. Macaulay prints Luther's letter to his little boy Hans, written from the Schloss at Coburg in 1530, even while the Diet of Augsburg was sitting:

I know a beautiful, cheerful garden in which many children walk about. They have golden coats on, and gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums: they sing, and jump about, and are merry. They have also fine little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles. And I asked the man, "Whose children are they?"

But we should all know the letter by heart, and see, in our mind's eye, the Good Children who minded their book romping in the garden with pipes and cymbals, lutes, and other musical instruments, and "dancing and shooting with little cross-bows." The epistle to little boy Hans is, to my thinking, one of the most beautiful extant. Next to it I place Collingwood's letter to his wife on the education of his daughters, in which he tells her that the study of geometry can and should be made as fascinating as the Arabian Nights.

Mem.: I notice in the *Record* that Mr. Quaritch is about to publish, in anticipation of the projected Luther Festival, a work called "Luther Vindicated," by Mr. C. H. Collette, which will be "a reply to the attacks on Luther, casting aspersions on his moral character and in condemnation of his writings." Good. But many of the innumerable calumnies circulated concerning Martin Luther are more than three hundred and fifty years old. One of the most curious of these lying stories is quoted in Dr. Macaulay's compilation. The story was printed at Naples in the Reformer's own lifetime; and he courageously reprinted the document, which was to the effect that he had died, in horrible agonies; that, his body being buried, such fearful noises proceeded from the grave that it was opened; "but neither flesh nor bones nor grave-clothes appeared: only a stench of sulphur, so overpowering as to strike down all who were present."

The *Lancet* has made a strong and earnest protest against a proposal, which seems to be finding some favour with rigid economists of a teetotal way of thinking, to deprive the aged poor in the workhouses of the modicum of beer and tobacco hitherto doled out to them. "If anything," says the *Lancet*, "could exceed the cruelty of such a policy, it would be that of robbing the insane of the last comforts left them. These poor creatures are doomed to lives of unutterable loneliness; and now, forsooth, the goody-goody sentimentalists of the day must strive to cut off their very limited supplies of tobacco and beer." Bravo, *Lancet*! And I thoroughly agree with my esteemed contemporary, that the supply of stimulants and tobacco to inmates of asylums is entirely a question for the medical officers in charge of these poor folk.

In the *Saturday Review* for the current week, "tokoro yam" is administered in an exceptionally vigorous manner to a writer in *Punch*, who has published some hard things concerning Rabelais. *Sursum corda*! The writer in the *Saturday* lays about him with a flail the sounding

thwacks, of which *Punch* will need all his skill of fence (with his bâton) to parry. The controversy is naught to me. Earnest and systematic students of Rabelais take the Curé of Meudon just as they take Chaucer and Boccaccio—as they find them. Those authors did not write for the nineteenth century, but for the world as it wagged in their day. All those who understand the Doctor of Chinon know that his gross buffooneries are underlaid by a wise and good purpose. He steadily inculcated the principles of the Reformation; he hated cruelty and tyranny, meanness and fraud; but he had not the courage to risk martyrdom for his opinions; and he preached Protestantism and progress in the guise of a Merry Andrew and the language of a fishfag. It has always struck me that, to persons who have not mastered the inner meaning of Gargantua, Pantagruel, and Panurge, Rabelais must be intolerably dull reading.

Commenting on the wonderful chapter on the Education of Gargantua (it is nobler, deeper than and as pure as the cognate treatises of Ascham, Milton, and Locke), the *Saturday* remarks: "Readings and lectures in all the ancient tongues occupied the morning; and in the meadows they played at 'long-tennis,' which must have been more *pallone*-like than the lawn-tennis of to-day." But, respected Reviewer, the Italian game of *pallone* is football. Tennis is *pallacorda*; and the English game of "long" or "open" tennis is not at all unlike "lawn-tennis." The former pastime is described at length in "Sports and Games" by Donald Walker, a work published in 1837. Begins D. W.:—

The game is played in the open air, upon ground rolled and arranged for the purpose. The ground should be one hundred and sixty paces in length; for if smaller, the play would be hampered, and if larger it would be too fatiguing. Two parallel lines are drawn at a distance of twenty paces, to form the lateral bounds, by a string fastened to stakes about two feet high, which are planted round the ground. Another line is drawn across the middle; and whether a stroke counts or not depends on whether the ball goes over or under this line.

And then Mr. Donald Walker goes on to talk of "service" and "sets," "volleys" and "bisques."

His Imperial Highness the Sultan has, I perceive from the papers, positively taken to entertaining English ladies at dinner. A Reuter's despatch intimated on Wednesday, Oct. 17, that on the evening of the day in question the daughter of Lord Dufferin, with Mrs. Wyndham, and Mrs. Nicholson would be among the guests of the Sultan at the grand dinner to be given in honour of the British Ambassador and Lady Dufferin.

Looking at the (to me, melancholy) fact that when, the other day, his Highness Burghash-ben-Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, gave a state dinner to Sir John Kirk, Admiral Hewett, and a large number of British naval officers, in honour of his, the Sultan's, investiture with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the banquet was altogether in accordance with the canons of *la haute cuisine Française*—there were *bombes glacées* and *entremets*, "à la Victoria," "à la Prince de Galles," and "à la Gladstone"—it is much to be feared that the lady guests of the Padishah of Roum were regaled with Parisian and not with Turkish cookery.

Now the purely Ottoman cuisine is—or, rather, was—as good as the Greek one is bad. Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, it is true, did not wholly approve of a Turkish dinner, because the soup came last; still, this objection might be met by pointing out that Turkish sauces are so thin that you have a running accompaniment, so to speak, of *potages* and *purées* of various kinds throughout your repast. The liquidity of the Moslem sauces was, in the opinion of Alexis Soyer, one reason why knives and forks could be conveniently dispensed with at a Moslem dinner-table; "for," remarked Soyer, writing from Constantinople to the *Times* in September, 1856, "their sauces, being of a thinnish nature, require to be absorbed with a piece of bread in order to partake of them; which could not be performed equally well with a knife or a fork." Soyer was of opinion that the "Dîner à la Russe," the serving of only one hot dish at a time, which in 1856 was becoming general at high-class English dinner-tables, was borrowed by the Russians from the Turks.

The genial *chef* of whom I have been speaking wrote in terms of rapturous eulogy concerning Turkish cookery. In his "Culinary Campaign" he enumerates among Ottoman delicacies "aromatised Bahmia soup with cream," kid roasted whole, "kebabs," "doulmas," "haharam bouton," "pilaf with quails," "sakath kabath bastici," "loukounds," "mouka-halibi," "Baclava gyneristi," "ekmekataine," &c. Most of these dishes are mysteries to me; but I know that, at Constantinople, utterly wearied and nauseated with the wretched Greek cookery at the Pera tables-d'hôte, I have often fled across the Bridge of Boats to Stamboul, and dined excellently well and for a few pence at some cookshop near the Bezesteen on roasted "kebabs" of mutton, or kid, a pilaf of fowl and rice anointed with "ghee," and some fried leeks. To be sure, you had to take your skewer of "kebabs" in your fingers and gnaw off the morsels of mutton. What of that? You eat artichokes without the aid of a knife and fork; the famous fried potatoes of Saratoga are most "fashionably" eaten with the fingers, and a fresh charm is added to the gracefulness of the American girl when she shows her dexterity in nibbling at a hot cob of green corn.

I have as yet read only the newspaper extracts from the just published "Autobiography of Anthony Trollope," but I have sent for the two volumes. There is a very able article in this week's *World* on Trollope and his career; written evidently by someone who knew the man intimately and had studied his character closely. But I question whether, even to the writer in the *World*, the avowals made by the author of "The Three Clerks," and a whole library of novels to boot, of the grinding poverty and misery in which his boyhood and early manhood were passed, will not be somewhat of the nature of a new revelation. We read in our "Men of the Time" that

Anthony Trollope was the son of a barrister, and that he was educated at Winchester and at Harrow. That, surely, looks like beginning life like a "swell."

Yet, to one's amazement and perplexity, one reads that at Harrow Anthony Trollope was "disreputably dirty," grievously bullied, with no one, man or boy, to say a kind word to him, totally without pocket-money, and clad in miserable clothes. When he was a junior boy he was met one day by Dr. Butler, the Head Master, who sternly asked whether it was possible that Harrow School could be disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy as he was? But surely young Anthony could have washed himself! He seems to have got on almost as badly at Winchester School, whence he had come to Harrow.

Even when he had obtained a clerkship in the Post Office, at a salary, to begin with, of ninety pounds a year, he continued steeped to the very lips in poverty. He fell into the clutches of a money-lender living in a street leading into Mecklenburgh-square, from whom he once received in cash four pounds, but who was the holder of young Mr. Trollope's acceptances given to a tailor to whom he owed twelve pounds. The money-lender screwed, altogether, something like two hundred pounds out of the luckless Post Office clerk, whose income from literature alone was, during the twelve closing years of his life, four thousand five hundred pounds a year.

But I can't make it out—that story of the ragged, dirty, pocket-moneyless boyhood. His father, the Chancery barrister with the bad temper, was probably desperately embarrassed as to money matters; but Anthony's mother must have been, when he was a boy, in the receipt of a handsome income from her writings. As a novelist, Mrs. Trollope was more popular than Lady Blessington, and as popular as Mrs. Gore, who made a small fortune—twelve thousand pounds, I think, although the poor lady lost the major portion of her savings by the failure of a bank. For such novels as "The Widow Barnaby," "The Barnabys in America," "Jessie Phillips," "Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy," and "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," Mrs. Trollope must have received large sums. Literature was certainly not a very lucrative profession between forty and fifty years ago; still, popular authors of both sexes were liberally paid. When Lady Morgan was at the height of her popularity, the sum which Mr. Colburn paid her for a new book "went into four figures," as they say in the City.

Yes; and they are saying the strangest of things in the City just now, especially in the Justice-room, Guildhall. Hear Mr. Poland in the great Warden and Watters case:—

Commercial matters could not go on if men did not place confidence in one another; and when a man has large transactions, as Watters had, it is supposed that he has real substance behind him. It is supposed that no man will give a cheque unless he can meet it—at all events before it has gone through the Clearing House.

The words which I have italicised are, as the French say, *impayables*. What a wondrous picture at once rises to the mind of a bold speculator giving a crossed cheque for, say, twenty-seven thousand pounds, when to meet it he has only a snug little balance of seventy-five pounds at his banker's, and then running feverishly up and down the City to try to borrow money to meet the cheque before it reaches the Clearing House. I recommend Mr. Poland's "at all events" to the attention of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He might make excellent use of the qualifying "at all events" in his next satirical song. It might become as familiar as the memorable "hardly ever" in "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Mem.: I just return for a moment to the Trollope Autobiography, in order to entreat my readers not to believe that at the present day, at least, there are any money-lenders living in or about Mecklenburgh-square, W.C. Money-lenders are not "suffered to accumulate" (as the writer of one of the "Celebrities at Home" series in the *World* once observed of artists and literary men) in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital. There was once, I am told, a bill-discounter in Lamb's Conduit-street; but he died. We never lend money, nor borrow it; in fact, we have no money at all down in these parts. The tax-gatherers and the gentlemen from the gas and water companies take all our loose cash away with them.

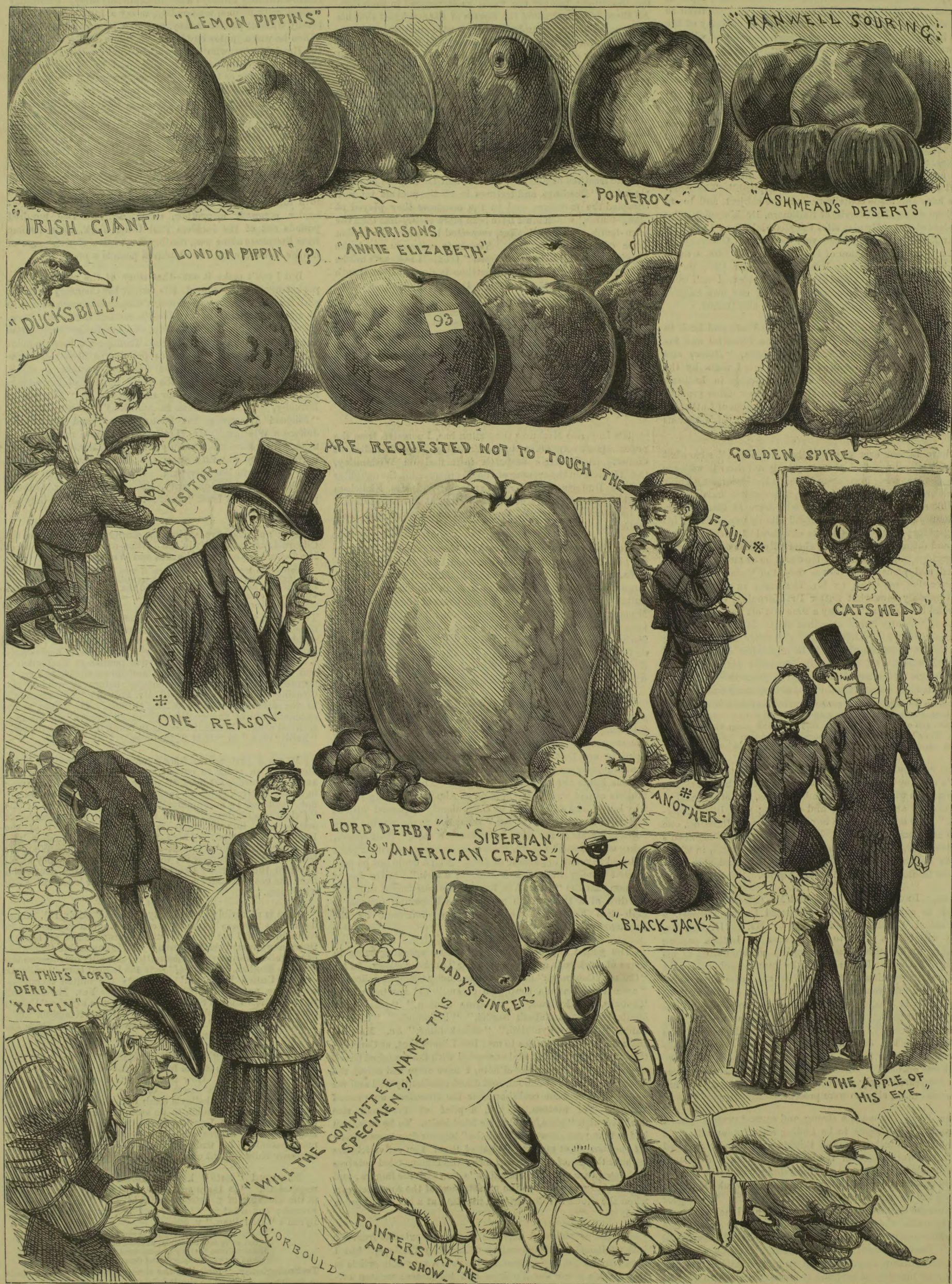
Here is a terribly logical lady, "E. M." (Malvern), whose downright "posers" touching certain English expressions in common use fill me with a guilty consciousness of having, these many years past, in common with innumerable thousands of my fellow-countrymen, committed shocking outrages on the Queen's English. "People," says the logical lady, "will talk of the 'United Kingdom.' They say the united incomes—why, then, not the United Kingdoms?" Yes, Ma'am, and they say the "United States"; but they also say the "United Service." The French translate our "United Kingdom" into "Le Royaume Uni," knowing, all the while, that there are three kingdoms in question.

"Also," continues my correspondent, "if you could help me to break people of the foolish habit of speaking of their 'heart of hearts.' How many hearts have they? And do they say 'my hearts' cores' or 'my heart's core'?" The "Cor cordium" on Shelley's tomb under the Aurelian wall at Rome may have had much to do with popularising "heart of hearts" in modern English literature. But Charles Dickens may have done a great deal more in this direction. "Like most parents," he wrote, "in my heart of hearts I have a favourite child. That child is David Copperfield."

The word "forte" has also aroused the ire of my correspondent. "Is there any such word in any language used in the meaning of a 'strong point'?" "Fort," I know, is French; but what is "forte"? I beg to refer the lady to Byron's "Don Juan," v. 52—

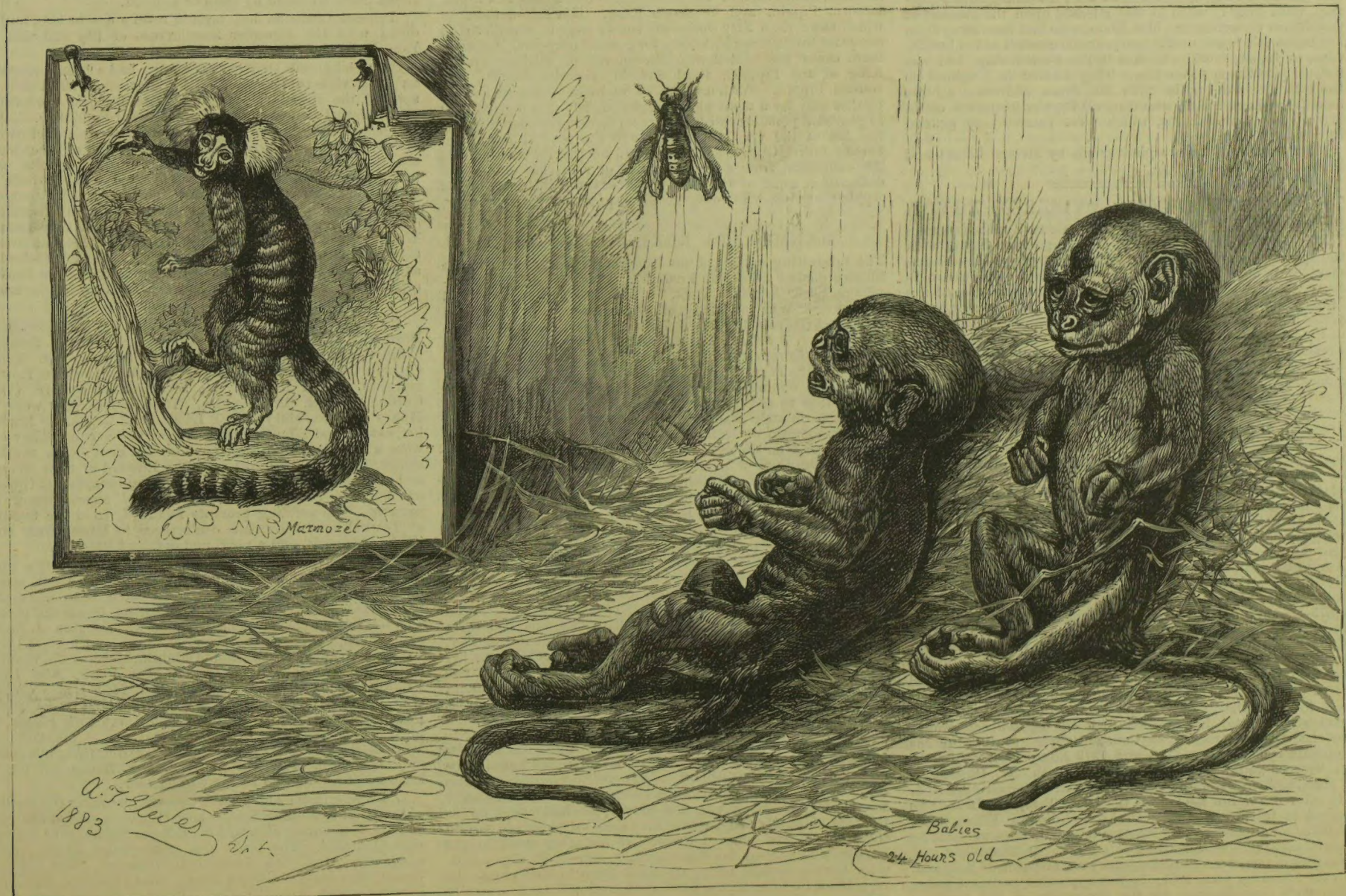
I won't describe; description is my forte,
But ev'ry fool describes, in these bright days,
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his quarto and demands your praise.

Technologically, "forte" is the strong part of a sword-blade or rapier, as opposed to the "foible" or "faible." But Byron probably had in his mind the Italian word as defined by Millhouse. "Il forte (di alcuno) la cosa in cui uno è versato. History is his forte. L'Istoria è il suo forte." I fancy that Byron was the first to import "forte" in this sense into the English language. Jeffrey uses the word "forte" in the Byronic sense in one of his essays; but the older English dictionaries only give "forte" as a musical term, "a direction to play or sing loud and strong." G. A. S.





THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALBANY AT THE OPENING OF BEAUMONT PARK, HUDDERSFIELD.



YOUNG MARMOZETS BORN IN LONDON.

(The young ones and the wasp are drawn life size.)

THE REV. G. A. SHAW.

It has been announced this week, perhaps rather prematurely, by some of the Parisian journals, that the case of Mr. Shaw has been settled by the offer of the French Government to pay him 60,000*fr.* as compensation for his unjust and illegal imprisonment on board of the French ships of war at the port of Tamatave. We ascertained on Wednesday, by inquiry of Mr. Shaw himself, at the office of the London Missionary Society, that he had not yet received any official communication to this effect. The case is left entirely in the hands of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who will doubtless require of this French Government not only a sufficient pecuniary compensation for Mr. Shaw, but a distinct and formal apology for such a serious and unwarrantable outrage upon a British subject. Public opinion is not unwilling to accept the excuse that poor Admiral Pierre, who was at the time afflicted with a painful malady of which he has since died, may have been in a state of bodily and mental disturbance that deprived him of the ordinary use of his judgment; but it is only due to international propriety that his act should be disavowed by the French Government, which will thus consult its own true dignity and obliterate all disagreeable remembrance of the affair. We trust that Lord Granville, with his accustomed tact and consistency of purpose, will have been able, perhaps before this notice is published, to procure a satisfactory termination of the dispute. No claim whatever has been made either by Mr. Shaw or by the London Missionary Society for the payment of any sum of money in the shape of damages; but as Mr. Shaw has been personally a sufferer, undergoing two months' very irksome confinement, to the injury of his health, while great distress and alarm to his wife, forcibly separated from him and forbidden to see him during his detention, must have been occasioned by these violent proceedings, he is certainly entitled to a liberal pecuniary reward. His household furniture also, with his other personal property, was either destroyed or stolen when the French took possession of Tamatave; and the sum now mentioned, equivalent to about £2400, will not be regarded as excessive compensation.

The Rev. George Andrew Shaw, whose portrait we give this week, was formerly a schoolmaster of the British and Foreign School Society, trained in the Borough-road Normal School, and was for some time master of a school at Wilmslow in Cheshire. He entered the service of the London Missionary Society, and in 1869 was sent out to Samoa, the Navigator Islands, in the West Pacific Ocean, to take charge of a school there. In the following year, that school was given up, and Mr. Shaw returned to Sydney to await further instructions. In April, 1871, he was appointed to a post in Madagascar, to conduct a Normal School in the Betsileo province, and to superintend other schools in that country. He arrived there, with Mrs. Shaw, in July, 1871, and settled at Fianarantsoa, where he immediately began his work. In October, 1874, he visited the country of the Ikongo, to the south-east of Betsileo, and established a teacher in that district, which he and Mrs. Shaw revisited in the following year, and then settled two teachers, with their wives, among the native people. In April, 1876, in company with Mr. Riordan, he visited, with the King's permission, the Ibara tribes, living to the south of Betsileo; Mrs. Shaw, in the meantime, devoted herself at Fianarantsoa especially to the improvement of the native women and girls. During three years past, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw have been resident at Tamatave, the chief port of Madagascar, situated on the east coast, 200 miles from the Hova capital, the city of Antananarivo. His missionary labours at Tamatave were carried on in subordination to the plans of the Rev. G. Cousins, who has been missionary at Antananarivo during nineteen years. On June 16, five or six days after the French bombardment and capture of Tamatave, which place was scarcely at all defended by the Hovas, Mr. Shaw was summoned on board the *Nièvre*, roughly accused of prompting them to resistance, and was kept a close prisoner, under military guard, latterly on board the *Flore*, Admiral Pierre's flagship, until Aug. 7, when he was released upon the demand of the British Government. Mrs. Shaw, who had been away from her husband's house nearly two years on account of her health, came to Tamatave while he was in the French ship, but was refused permission to see him. They arrived in England on the 24th ult., and on the 27th Mr. Shaw addressed a large meeting at Exeter Hall, narrating all the circumstances of his arrest and imprisonment, which have excited very general indignation.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

THE NEW FINANCIAL ADVISER TO EGYPT.

Mr. Edgar Vincent, late President of the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt at Constantinople, who has gone to Egypt with the appointment of Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, is a younger brother of Mr. Howard Vincent, the well-known Director of Criminal Investigations at the office of the Metropolitan Police. Mr. Edgar Vincent has but just completed the twenty-sixth year of his age; he is the youngest son of the late Rev. Sir Frederick Vincent, the eleventh Baronet, Prebendary of Chichester, who died a few months ago. Mr. Edgar Vincent was educated at Eton College, where he gained the Junior History Prize in 1873. He rowed in the Eton eight at Henley in 1874, when the strain of severe rowing, at the early age of sixteen, brought on weakness of the chest and heart, and he was obliged to leave Eton, and to travel during three successive winters in the South of Europe and in India. In 1876 and 1877, being in India, where his brother, Mr. Frederick Vincent, holds a civil appointment, he worked with characteristic zeal in the relief camp during the Madras Famine. He was present at the great Durbar held at Delhi, when the Queen of England was proclaimed Empress of India in 1877. In July of that year he returned to England, went up for the Competitive Army examination, and passed second out of 800 candidates. He did not, however, proceed to Sandhurst, having served three trainings as a Lieutenant in the Royal Berks Militia (1875-7), and being, therefore, qualified for a commission in the Army without going through the Royal Military College. He was gazetted as a second lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, Oct. 31, 1877. In the interval between passing the Army examination and being gazetted to a regiment, Mr. Edgar Vincent had presented himself for examination for the newly-created student-dragoman service, and had passed first out of 400 candidates, but he did not proceed to Constantinople to take up his appointment. During 1878 and 1879 he spent some months in Greece, and published, conjointly with Mr. Dickson, a "Handbook of Modern Greek," which is much approved. He entered as a law student at the Inner Temple. In 1880 he served as private secretary to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, British Commissioner to the Eastern Roumelian Commission; he was for some time acting military attaché in Constantinople, and was sent to report on the new military organisation of Bulgaria. In the following year, 1881, he was appointed assistant to her Majesty's Commissioner for the evacuation of the territory ceded to Greece by Turkey. In March, 1882, he was appointed British, Belgian, and Netherlands Commissioner on the

Council of the Ottoman Public Debt, and became President of the Council in March, 1883. He entered into this work with his wonted thoroughness, and rendered services which are highly valued in the organisation of the Council. He took a leading part in urging a reform of the currency upon the Turkish Government, and was a member of the Commission lately instituted with this object. He has been a strong advocate of the conversion and unification of the Public Debt. He opposed the introduction of the Tobacco Regie, on the ground that the rent offered to the Council of Administration was insufficient, and that the Company could afford to give better terms than those which were originally proposed. A considerable modification of the conditions was consequently effected, and this rendered an important service to the bondholders.

The Portrait of Mr. Edgar Vincent is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

A RIVERSIDE DWELLING IN ANNAM.

The Annam country, including Tonquin, the dominion of which is now disputed between France and China, situated to the north, and Cambodia to the south, has been popularly styled "Cochin China." The French, about twenty years ago, occupied the lower part of its southern extremity, the delta of the great Me-Kong river, where they formed a settlement at Saigon; but they have recently come up along the seacoast five or six hundred miles, taking possession of Hué and other maritime ports, and are now seeking to effect a conquest of the outlets of the Song-Koi, a river which descends from the Chinese province of Yunnan to the Gulf of Tonquin. This is firmly resisted by the Government of the Chinese Empire; and it seems likely that the territory will have to be divided, China taking the part next to her own southern frontier. The famous bands of the "Black Flags," with whom the French are just now fighting, are mostly Chinese outlaws and refugees who emigrated thither on the suppression of the Tai-ping rebellion. The native Annamite population, inhabiting a long and narrow strip of land between the Me-Kong and the China Sea, are feeble and unwieldy, small in stature, and of very indolent habits. It is asserted that many of them have been converted by the Roman Catholic missions. The soil is fertile, and the richer class of natives enjoy a certain degree of pomp and luxury; some illustration of the costumes and manners of Annamite ladies and gentlemen, and of the Buddhist temples and tombs, have appeared in this Journal. The view presented in our Engraving now published is that of one of the poorer dwellings on the bank of a large river, partly erected on a platform over the water, inhabited by fishermen or boatmen; there is usually a garden on shore, attached to such a family residence, for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables to eat.

THE APPLE CONGRESS AT CHISWICK.

The exhibition held at Chiswick, since the 4th inst., in connection with a "National Apple Congress," has proved a complete success, while it gives promise of much benefit to apple-culture in this country. The exhibition has been visited each day by about five hundred persons from all parts of the country. The Fruit Committee of the Horticultural Society have been preparing reports as to the nomenclature and classification of the different varieties, and have issued to the leading growers in the kingdom a number of queries as to situation, soil, subsoil, grafting stocks, character, and forms of trees on which the varieties are grown. To judge from the numbers of different kinds represented in this show, it would seem that the most popular of all apples is the Blenheim Pippin, of which 166 dishes are staged. Next in order comes the well-known Dumelow's seedling, or Wellington, 132 dishes. There are over one hundred dishes each of the following:—Cox's Orange Pippin, Ribston Pippin, and Warner's King. The list of those of which more than fifty dishes are shown may be considered to comprise the best apples known for general purposes. Amongst them occur the well-known Hawthornden, Stirling Castle, King of the Pippins, Lord Suffield, Keswick Codlin, and Golden Pippin. With a thousand varieties to choose from, a planter may for a moment be perplexed, but it is a great gain to practical pomology to discover that the congress has reduced the list of the very best varieties to the modest number of twenty-four. Our Artist, however, in his playful treatment of the exhibition from a jocular point of view, has chosen for delineation some of the minor features and incidents of the Apple Congress, which may be amusing to the general reader.

MARMOZETS BRED IN LONDON.

The interesting subject of our Illustration is described in the following letter from Mr. Frederick S. Mosely, of 24, Park-village East, Regent's Park, a Fellow of the Zoological Society:—"Will you kindly allow me space to state that a marmozet (*Hapale Jacchus*) I have gave birth on the 4th to two young? I believe that this is the first case of breeding known in Europe. I communicated the fact to Professor Flower, Mr. Tegetmeier, and Mr. Bartlett, and they considered the circumstance of sufficient importance to pay a special visit to see the young, which were, however, by that time unfortunately dead. Their certainty as to this being the first birth known in Europe was not more exact than mine. The only case on the records of the Zoological Society is that of the birth of one of a far larger species, and in this case the mother was undoubtedly encephalic when she arrived. In the case of my marmozets, there is proof that the pair had been in this country since Oct. 10, 1882, which shows that they can breed in this country. I ask you to kindly let this be known, as your publication of the fact will interest naturalists, and may elicit from some on the Continent whether any other cases unrecorded have occurred."

We find it mentioned in Professor Martin Duncan's account of the marmozets, in the 1st vol. of "Cassell's Natural History," p. 199, that F. Cuvier, many years ago, had three of this species born while under his care; but the mother, "having no experienced female friend to direct her in her first confinement," bit off the head of one; the other two began meanwhile to suck her breasts. "From that moment, she bestowed upon them all the natural affection of a parent. The father was even more affectionate than the mother, and assisted in the nursing most assiduously. The favourite position of the young ones was upon the back and bosom of the mother; and, when she was tired of nursing, she would come up to her mate with a shrill cry, which said, as plainly as anyone could speak, 'Here, do take the children!' He immediately stretched forth his hands, and placed the little ones on his back, or under his body, where they held on while he carried them about, and amused them. At last they used to get hungry, and whined for their mother, who took them, and, after having nursed them, returned them to their papa. In fact, the father did all the hard work, and the mother merely fed them. This domestic happiness was cut short; for the mother was weakly, no wet-nurse was to be had, and the little ones sank and died." This marmozet, called the *Quistiti* by

the natives of Brazil, is a well-known pretty little monkey, of the size, when full-grown, of a small squirrel, darkish brown in colour, with black face, a long tuft of whitish hair at the side of the head, and a long bushy tail, marked with alternate rings of ash-colour and black fur.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO HUDDERSFIELD.

The last Number of this Journal, in anticipation of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Albany to Huddersfield on Saturday, presented a good series of Illustrations of that flourishing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, with a descriptive account of the place and its woollen manufactures and public institutions. We also gave some views of the new People's Park, which Mr. H. F. Beaumont, of Whitley Beaumont, formerly M.P. for the southern division of the West Riding, has liberally bestowed upon the town, and which is to be called Beaumont Park. The ceremony of opening this place of recreation was performed by their Royal Highnesses on Saturday, assisted by the Mayor and Corporation of Huddersfield, and was accompanied by festivities worthy of the occasion. After receiving an address of welcome at their entrance to the town, the Duke and Duchess of Albany visited first the Fine-Art and Industrial Exhibition at the new Technical School. They were entertained by the civic authorities at luncheon, when his Royal Highness made a speech on the progress of technical instruction; he expressed an opinion that this country need no longer fear being told that, though the English can produce manufactures for the masses, it is only on the Continent that the more delicate and decorative sort of work can be produced. The Royal visitors next proceeded to Beaumont Park, which was formally opened, the Duchess planting a tree in commemoration of the event. Replying to an address, the Duke expressed a hope that workmen's dwellings would soon be erected in the vicinity of the park. We give one or two Illustrations of these proceedings, with the portrait of Mr. Beaumont and that of Alderman J. F. Briggs, the Mayor of Huddersfield.

THE COURT.

Excursions to the varied places of interest in the neighbourhood of Balmoral have been the general movements of the Court during the past week. Last Saturday her Majesty drove, with the Duchess of Connaught, to visit the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, at Abergeldie Mains, where Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse joined the Queen. The Empress Eugénie, with her suite, and the Rev. R. J. Cameron Lees, D.D., were of the Royal dinner circle. Sir Edward Malet, who had been on a visit to her Majesty, left the castle. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Queen and the Royal family, Dr. Lees officiating at Balmoral. Captain Victor Farquharson and Miss Farquharson, of Invercauld, dined with her Majesty on Monday. The Duke of Connaught has had good sport in the forests. The Queen has presented to Miss Duthie portraits of herself and Princess Beatrice, as a souvenir of the opening of Duthie Park by the Princess.

The Duke of Argyll has had a Knight Companionship of the Order of the Garter conferred upon him.

The Queen has approved the appointment of General Sir Henry Norman to be Governor of Jamaica.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family took leave of the King and Queen of Denmark on Monday, and left Copenhagen on their return home. They were accompanied by the British Envoy and the First Secretary of the British Legation to Korsoer, whence they embarked on board the *Dannebrog* for Lubeck, travelling thence by rail to Flushing, where they joined the Osborne and crossed to Sheerness, arriving on Wednesday morning. Royal salutes were fired as the yacht entered the harbour, and a guard of honour was drawn up on Queenborough Pier, whence the Royal party travelled by train to London.

Princess Christian has been in town a day or two, and has dined with the Dowager Marchioness of Ely and with the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany had a hearty reception on their visit to Huddersfield last Saturday, when they inspected the Fine-Art Exhibition, the Duchess accepting a magnificent Oriental shawl, manufactured by Messrs. Norton Brothers and Co., as a specimen of local manufacture and souvenir of the visit. After being entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, their Royal Highnesses opened for public use a new park, called the Beaumont Park, the site of which has been presented to the town by Mr. Henry Frederick Beaumont, of Whitley Beaumont. A gold key was presented to the Duke, and the Duchess planted a tree; after which they drove to Whitley Beaumont, where a large party met them at dinner. On Monday the Duke drove to Huddersfield, and received an address from the Freemasons of the local lodges. The Duchess afterwards joined his Royal Highness, when they left for town.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lord Norreys and Miss Gwendoline Dormer, eldest daughter of Major-General the Hon. James C. Dormer and Mrs. Dormer, was celebrated in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Portsmouth, at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. Lord Norreys was accompanied by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, his nephew. The bridesmaids were the Misses Eveline, Mary, Ethel, Léonie, and Constance Dormer, her sisters, and Miss Geraldine Alison, her cousin. They each wore a diamond brooch—a true lover's knot—with sapphire centre, Lord Norreys' gift. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Countess Dornberg gave the wedding breakfast at Government House, at which Prince Gustav of Saxe-Weimar was present. The wedding presents included, from the tenantry at Towneley, a handsome centrepiece (a large silver bowl, richly engraved), and a pearl and diamond bracelet.

The Rev. Henry E. J. Bevan, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, and the Hon. Charlotte J. E. Molesworth, second daughter of the Rev. Viscount Molesworth, were married at St. Lawrence, Jewry, on Tuesday afternoon, by special license. The service was choral. The best man was the Hon. J. Smallman-Smith, Judge of the Supreme Court of the Gold Coast. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Andalusia Molesworth, the Hon. Gwen Molesworth, Miss Vereker, Miss Peter, Miss Isolda Prideaux-Brune, Miss Grant Hodgson, Miss Grace Collard, and Miss Gertrude Walrond. Each wore a gold arrow brooch, piercing a lover's knot and horseshoe, set with pearls and pink coral, the gift of the bridegroom. Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth received the wedding party afterwards at Palace-gate. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bevan left for the lakes and Scotland, on their wedding tour.

At Westminster Abbey on Wednesday morning the wedding of the Hon. Katherine Knatchbull-Hugessen, eldest daughter of Lord Brabourne, with Major Prideaux Brune, Rifle Brigade, was celebrated. The bride was accompanied by six bridesmaids—the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen, Miss Prideaux-Brune, Miss Mary Prideaux Brune, Miss Dimsdale, Miss Mary Dimsdale, and Miss O'Reilly. Colonel Graves Saul, Coldstream Guards, acted as best man. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. Later in the afternoon the newly-married pair left for Glen Tor, in Devon.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

An "Old Drury Success" of an unmistakable and most brilliant kind was achieved at the National Theatre on Monday, the fifteenth instant, by the first performance, before a house crowded to the ceiling, of Messrs. Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris's new and original five-act drama "A Sailor and His Lass," to which the curtain rose at a quarter to eight p.m., and on which it fell, amidst the ringing cheers of a fatigued but still enthusiastic audience at ten minutes past twelve a.m. Let me briefly point out what I hold to be the leading defects in a certainly powerful and, throughout, deeply interesting production, before I pass to the infinitely pleasanter task of praising the many good qualities of "A Sailor and His Lass" as a play, the variety and ingenuity brought to bear on the scenery and scenic mechanism, and the excellence of the acting. The drama was on Monday night a great deal too long. That fault has, I daresay, by this time been remedied. In the next place, it is heavily handicapped by a disagreeable and unnecessary under-plot or concurrent plot of a political nature, the dialogue being fraught with rambling and not very coherent allusions to "Chartism," Radicalism, Conservatism, the Land League, the Invincibles, the agitation among agricultural labourers, and dynamite explosions. An explosion does really occur at the end of the second act, apparently without any rhyme or reason, without any direct connection with the conduct of the story, and without any effect, save that of splitting the ears and shattering the nerves of the audience. But if the political excrescences are excised as far as possible—wholly to obliterate them is, I suppose, impracticable—and the drama is shortened by at least four of its tableaux, "A Sailor and his Lass" will remain a thoroughly substantial melodrama, deeply moving in many of its incidents, and which should command a run of the good old Drury Lane pattern. What part in the authorship belongs to Mr. Robert Buchanan and what to Mr. Augustus Harris I do not propose to inquire; but it may justly be remarked that the joint production of these two gentlemen, while in the main skilfully constructed, is all but entirely destitute of literary merit. The serious dialogue never rises beyond the level of that at the Vic. in the palmy days of "Bravo Hicks!" and "Speak up, Johnson"; while the comicalities of Mr. Harry Jackson, irresistibly funny as they are, have all the aroma of "The Cut" and the sweet savour of the Elephant and Castle.

The complicated story of "A Sailor and his Lass" could not be told in detail without covering a great deal more space than there happens to be this week at my command. It may be broadly stated that the hero of the piece is one Harry Hastings, a sailor, mate of a sailing-brig, a frank, blunt, gallant, and somewhat imprudent young fellow. The heroine is the comely "lass" Mary Morton, who is affianced to Harry Hastings, and is the daughter of an embarrassed farmer, of Communistic proclivities. Mary has a half-sister, named Esther, who has been seduced and betrayed by Richard Kingston, the cousin of Walter Carruthers, the young Squire of the manor, and who (Kingston) is the villain of the piece. Harry Hastings, on brief leave of absence, drives down in a four-wheeled cab to the farm in Middlesex, fifteen miles distance from London, to see his betrothed. This affords an opportunity for the introduction of the comic and virtuous caddy. A political "Jack-spouter" or "Constitutional agitator," who says that he has learned the trade of agitation in the United States, also comes down to the village to deliver a stupid caricature of a stump oration on the wrongs, real or imaginary, of the agricultural labourer. This gives the opportunity for Farmer Morton to avow his pernicious opinions on the nationalisation of the land. Then Esther, with a baby, wanders, foot-sore and half starving, down to the village, to implore her father's forgiveness. He repudiates and spurns her from him; but the compassionate Harry Hastings promises to take her and her infant to sea with him to some distant land, the locality of which is not definitely stated. Now, it is the diabolical object of the villain Kingston, the seducer of Esther, and who is now wickedly enamoured of Mary Morton, to persuade the vindictive old farmer that young Squire Carruthers has betrayed Esther. Mr. Kingston is Mr. Carruthers's cousin and his heir; and he thinks that if he can contrive to get Carruthers murdered he will, having succeeded to the dead man's estates, have no difficulty in obtaining possession of Mary. Carruthers has himself a foolish passion for that young damsel, who repels his insolent advances just at the moment when Farmer Morton, who has been told by the villain that the young Squire is the betrayer of Esther, arrives on the stage, ready to wreak any amount of mischief. He has a quarrel and a tussle with the Squire, and with one hasty blow fells him to the earth. The Squire is killed. The murderous farmer takes to flight. The villain Kingston, who is cognisant of Morton's guilt, tells Mary Morton that Harry Hastings is the Squire's murderer, but promises not to divulge the secret if Mary will consent to become his (Kingston's) wife. A pretty kettle of fish! The opening scene of the second act passes simultaneously in a cab-mews and in a "Secret Dynamite Factory." Richard Kingston, it appears, is an "Invincible"; and, albeit he has succeeded to his murdered cousin's estate, has not been able to divorce himself from the fraternity. The Constitutional Agitator is also an Invincible. So is the murderous farmer, Morton. The conspirators meet in conclave to concoct measures for blowing up everybody and everything; but Richard Kingston also makes provision for carrying out a little private vendetta of his own. A number of the Invincibles are to ship themselves as fore-mast hands on board Harry's ship, rise in mutiny, murder Harry, the skipper, and, it is to be presumed, Esther and her child, and then run the vessel ashore. While this pleasant little plot is being concocted, the comic and virtuous caddy arrives at the cab-mews over the way in a real four-wheel cab, drawn by a real horse. Inside the vehicle are Esther and her child, whom the kind-hearted Jehu has brought to the mews in order that mother and infant should be sheltered by the cabman's wife until Harry Hastings arrives to redeem his promise of taking the deserted girl and her babe to sea. Shortly afterwards Harry appears, seeking for the comic caddy's dwelling; but he stumbles first on the dynamite factory, where he recognises Kingston, who imposes on him with a lying story of the dynamiters being only smugglers. Then the scene changes to the outside of the Mint and Tower Hill, in which there is a silly dialogue between a patriotic Irish grenadier on sentry and a drunken and seditious loafer. A ragged little waif of a street Arab, called Carrots, is rescued from a brutal policeman by Harry Hastings, who is on his way to join his ship. Harry gives the boy money; and Carrots determines to follow his benefactor as a stow-away on board the doomed brig. Then we are transported to a Sailors' Dancing Saloon and Public House in Ratcliff-highway. Here Harry's skipper, having been thrown over, I suppose, by the boarding-house crimps, in the matter of a seaworthy crew, engages a pack of land-lubbers, who are in reality the Invincibles in disguise. In the next scene, The Docks, everybody is got on board the brig, including Esther and her child, who are brought down to the quayside by the virtuous caddy and his wife. The second act closes with a

street scene and a police station; and then the murderous farmer Morton, instigated by the fiendish Kingston, blows up either the Local Government Board Offices or the police station with dynamite. In the third act we are at sea. First the good ship Nameless is shown in her entirety—hull, deck, sails, crew, and all, pitching and rolling on the stormy ocean. Next, certain holes are made manifest in the hull; and the inmates of the 'tween decks are revealed—Esther and her child, the skipper and Harry aft, the little stowaway, Carrots, behind a cask amidships, and the land-lubber Invincibles, who are just off their watch, forward. Carrots has overheard the conversation of the conspirators, and reveals the same to Harry Hastings when that gallant mariner discovers the stowaway; so Harry is prepared to meet his would-be assassins when they rush down the companion-ladder to assault him. There is a general fight, in the midst of which the good brig Nameless, which is seemingly a rotten old tub, and which is being run on shore by an invincible man at the wheel, strikes on a rock and sinks rapidly. The piratical land-lubbers take to the boats, reach the shore, and are received with open arms by a friendly lighthouse-keeper and a lady whose attributes are those of a mature Grace Darling, and who, much to the exasperation of the felonious lubbers, rows off to rescue Harry Hastings, Esther, and the child, who have been clinging throughout an entire scene to the maintop-gallant mast of the submerged brig, which has fortunately stuck in a cleft of the rocks and has not heeled over. In the fourth act, Mary and her murderous but penitent sire are living at Mr. Kingston's manor house, and under his abhorred protection. Mary has not yet screwed her courage to the sticking place of marrying Kingston; and at the nick of time her long lost Harry returns to claim her; but he is denounced by Kingston as the murderer of young Squire Carruthers, and is tried, convicted, and sentenced to death at the Central Criminal Court, the principal witness against him being Kingston. In the fifth and concluding act, Mary Morton, her sister and baby, and the penitent murderer of the Squire are all inmates of furnished apartments at Camden Town belonging to the comic cabman and his wife, who have gone into business in letting lodgings. There is a grand melodramatic scene between Esther, her blood-stained father, and the villain, who is alternately denounced both by Morton and by Esther. The guilty old man acknowledges to a detective, who most opportunely makes his appearance, that he is the murderer of Mr. Carruthers, and that Harry, who is to be hanged the next morning, is wholly innocent of the crime for which he is to suffer. Morton then has a fit, and dies in the arms of his daughter; and the detective takes the villain into custody for some other offence with which he is charged. Then in the last act we have scenes inside and outside Newgate, and the humours of a comic coffee-barrow man and some "mashers," who have come, not like my Lord Tomnoddy to witness a real hanging, but to see the black flag hoisted on the roof of the jail as soon as Harry is turned off. The interior of the condemned cell is shown, and we have the parting interview between the doomed sailor and his lass. Even the procession through the corridors of the prison to the yard where the scaffold is supposed to be erected is exhibited on the stage. Harry is shown, pinioned, on his way to the scaffold; but a commendable feeling of common decency on the part of the authors has excluded from these remarkably realistic proceedings the Ordinary in his robes and the reading of the Burial Service. If these play-writing and play-acting gentlemen had seen as many executions as I have been compelled to see professionally in the early stages of my career (twelve public ones and one private one), they would think twice ere they caricatured on a public stage one of the most awful and revolting spectacles on which it is possible to set eyes. The last hanging I saw, in the year 1867, was the first one under the new Act, when a young railway porter a mere lad, who had shot a railway official dead, at Dover, was privately strangled in one of the yards of Maidstone Jail. The miserable creature's nerves gave way before the time for killing him was ripe; and they were obliged repeatedly to dose him with brandy-and-water before they could get him to the scaffold. One of my professional companions nearly fainted when the drop fell; the other was sick; and, I dare say, I should have swooned had I not been an old hand at this horrible business, and had I not taken a long pull from a private brandy flask before I entered the jail. I made, there and then, a vow that that should be the last engagement of the kind I would ever fulfil; and I kept it. The awful scene at Maidstone rose up before me, clear and distinct, on Monday last, in the last scene of "A Sailor and his Lass"; and it was with a shuddering feeling of relief that I watched the curtain fall after the reprieve, or rather pardon, for Harry Hastings, and the sailor and his lass, and all the good characters in the play, have been made happy.

The acting in "A Sailor and his Lass" was really so good—especially the performance of Mr. James Fernandez as Farmer Morton, Mr. Henry George as the villainous Richard Kingston, Mr. Harry Jackson as the comic and virtuous caddy, Ben Downsey, Miss A. Victor as Mrs. Mounsey, Mr. Harry Nicholls as Green, a comic and cowardly Invincible, Miss Sophie Eyre as Esther Morton, and Miss Clara Jecks as the street Arab Carrots, that I must reserve a notice of their good and artistic work until next week. I am in duty bound to admit, once and for all, that Mr. Augustus Harris did his very best with the part of Harry Hastings. Warmly as I admire this gentleman as a manager, I do not like him at all as an actor; but he was greeted on Monday with continued and rapturous applause by the many-headed; and the many-headed may be right, and I wrong.

G. A. S.

In addition to the announcement of five donations of £1000 each to the endowment fund of the new Suburban Hospital at Birmingham, noticed in this paper last week, Miss Ryland intends to subscribe a like sum.

Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe announces a "Balfie night" at the Promenade Concerts to-day (Saturday), the day of the anniversary of the death of the composer and of the unveiling of the monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey.

The handsome edition of Shakespeare, which forms part of the Parchment Library, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., has been completed by the publication of the twelfth volume, containing "Pericles" and the Poems.

At Pembroke on Saturday the Amphion, second-class steel cruiser, was successfully launched, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. She carries ten guns, is of 3748 tons burden, of 5000-horse power, and is 300 feet long.

Six steamers arrived at Liverpool during the week ending Oct. 13 with live stock and fresh meat on board, from the United States and Canada, as follows:—1385 cattle, 2207 sheep, 6141 quarters of beef, and 429 carcasses of mutton.

The Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman White, and the Mayoress, for forty-seven years teetotalers, were on Thursday week, at a special lodge session, made members of the Good Templar Order, the principles of which are lifelong personal abstinence from using or giving intoxicating liquors, and the total prohibition of the manufacture or sale of all intoxicants.

MUSIC.

THE LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

As recorded last week, this celebration closed on Saturday night, having opened on the previous Wednesday morning with "Elijah," the principal solo vocalists in which were Madame Valleria, Miss A. Marriott, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley.

At the evening concert, Mr. Alfred Cellier's setting of Gray's "Elegy" as a cantata was produced, being one of the new works composed for the Festival. It contains some very melodious and pleasing music, in which the pastoral style is properly prominent. The fugal writing in the closing chorus is scarcely so appropriate as a tranquil ending would have been. Among the pieces that produced the most effect were: the soprano solo (with chorus), "Full many a gem," and that for tenor, "Some village Hampden," excellently given, respectively, by Miss A. Williams and Mr. E. Lloyd; the other soloists of the evening having been Miss H. Wilson and Mr. F. King. The work—which was conducted by the composer—was very favourably received. A miscellaneous selection followed the cantata.

On the Thursday morning, the late Joachim Raff's symphony-oratorio "The World's End" was performed for the first time in England. The work was the last important production of the composer, whose death last year prevented his intended presence at the production of the oratorio at Leeds. It consists of a setting of words from the Holy Scriptures, especially selected by the composer, and is divided into three parts, the first including several sections, entitled, respectively, "A Vision of St. John," "The Apocalyptic Riders," "Petition and Thanksgiving of the Martyrs," and "Last Signs in Nature and Despair of Mankind." Part 2 is headed "The Judgment," and the final portion is labelled "The New World." With some occasional points of laboured effort, there is much that is highly impressive and suggestive both in the choral and the orchestral writing, the latter being especially remarkable for its admirable command of contrast and variety. This might have been expected from a composer who has produced ten grand symphonies, in each of which the hand of a master is more or less apparent. "The World's End" contains seven instrumental "Intermezzi," respectively entitled "The Pestilence," "The War," "Death and Hell," "The Last Signs," "The Resurrection," "The Judgment," and "The New World." In all these the scoring is remarkable for its ingenuity and elaborate combinations, especially in the movements entitled "War," "Death and Hell," and "The Judgment." Among the most effective choral music were the two choruses of Martyrs, particularly the second, "We thank Thee, Lord," the double chorus of the Righteous and the Wicked, and the movement entitled "Thy throne an eternal throne," with its delicate and graceful orchestral details. In several instances fugal writing is introduced with good effect, and without pedantry. The vocal solos are the least interesting portions of the work. These received full justice from Miss Damian and Mr. Santley. A selection from Handel closed the Thursday morning's programme.

The evening concert of Thursday week brought forward Mr. Barnby's setting of the 97th Psalm, which contains some very effective music, especially in the choral writing. Several of the movements proved very successful, particularly the opening and closing choruses, and the soprano solo (with chorus) "Zion heard of it." Mr. Barnby conducted the performance of the Psalm, and was warmly applauded. The same concert included performances of Mozart's Third Motet, to English words, "Glory, Praise, and Honour;" Bach's sacred fantasia, Englished as "The Guide of Israel" (not one of the rest of his many works of the kind); and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The principal solo vocalists on that evening were—in the Psalm, Misses Marriott and Damian, Mr. Maas and Mr. King; in the Motet, the three first-named artists and Mr. Blower; in the Cantata, Mr. Maas and Mr. Blower; and in the "Stabat," Mesdames Valleria and Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Blower.

Friday morning was entirely devoted to the production of "King David," the oratorio composed for the festival by Sir G. A. Macfarren, whose "St. John the Baptist" (written for the Bristol Festival of 1873) was given at Leeds in 1874, and his "Joseph" (composed for Leeds) in 1877; his other oratorio being "The Resurrection," produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1876. The text of "King David" is selected from Holy Writ, and deals chiefly with the later events in the career of the Royal Psalmist. The oratorio consists of two parts, comprising choruses, vocal solos, and concerted pieces, and narrative and dialogue passages. The work is preceded by an overture, which is supposed to be suggestive of the Psalmist's earlier career, and is labelled "Shepherd life—Summons to battle—David singing to the King—Saul's envy—Finally, his death." There is much effective contrast in this orchestral piece between the pastoral and martial and other styles, the instrumentation displaying the composer's well-known skill. The oratorio opens with the anointing of David as King, with choral celebrations; subsequent events in the narrative being illustrated in a series of pieces more or less suggestive thereof. Of these, the choral music is, on the whole, the most successful, particularly the movements "Behold how good and joyful," the Psalm at the bringing in of the ark, "The seed of David is great," "Remember not, Lord, our offences" (unaccompanied), and "Vengeance belongeth unto the Lord," not to mention other effective choruses. The solo music includes some graceful and dramatic pieces, which were excellently rendered by Mesdames Valleria and Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The composer was enthusiastically called forward at the close of the oratorio. This, and the other Festival novelties, will doubtless soon have to be spoken of again in reference to their London performance.

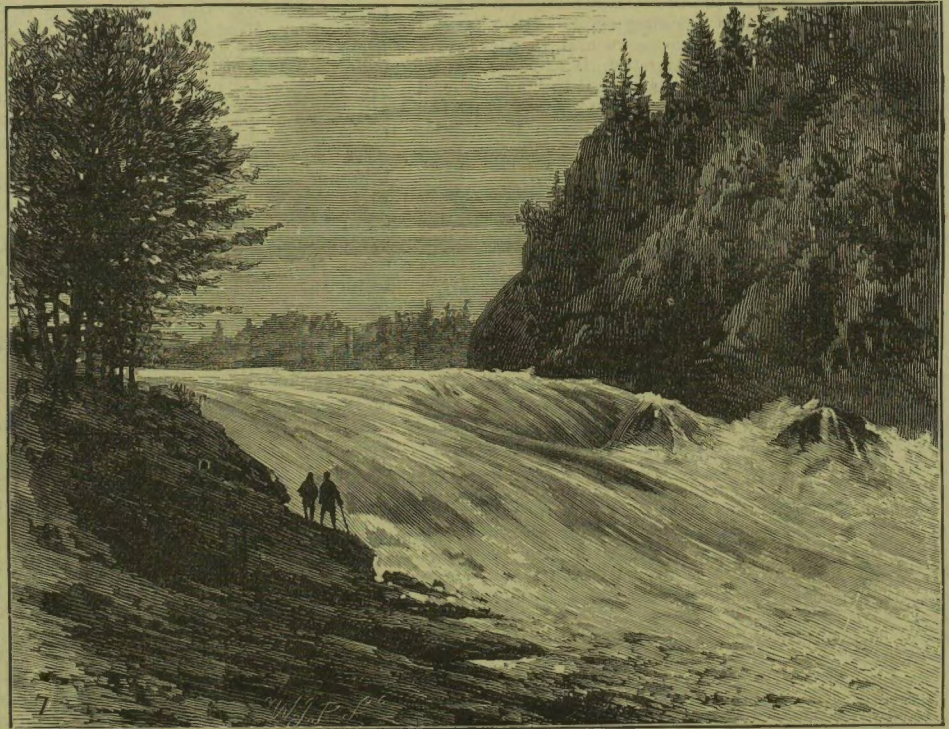
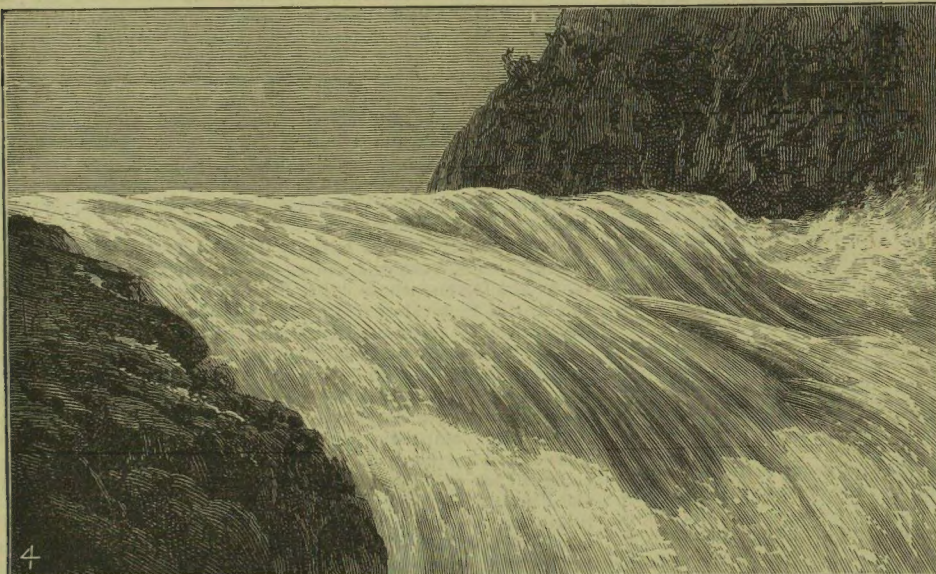
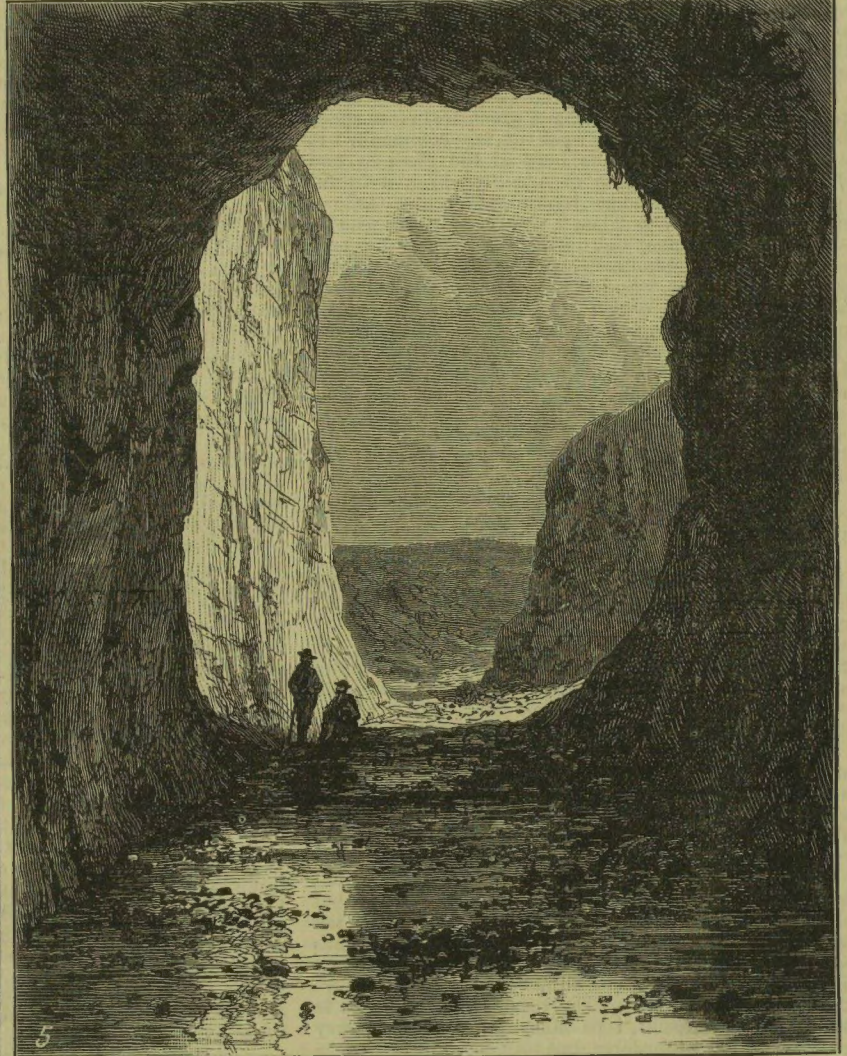
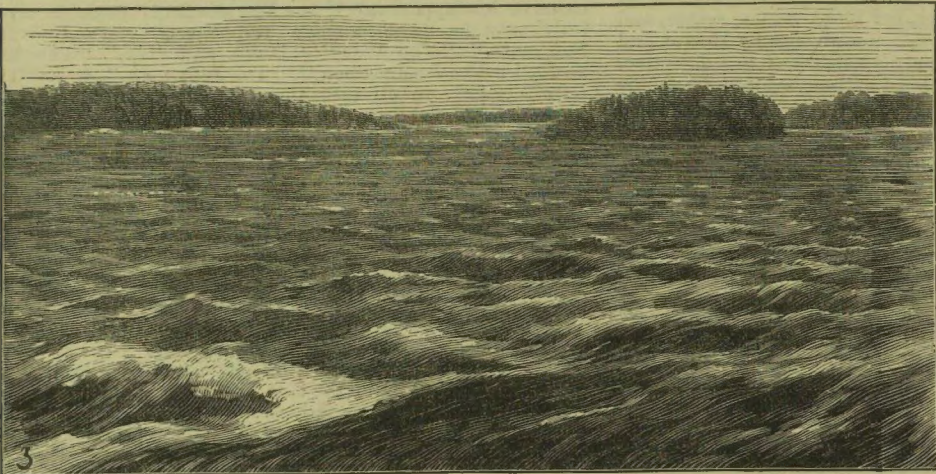
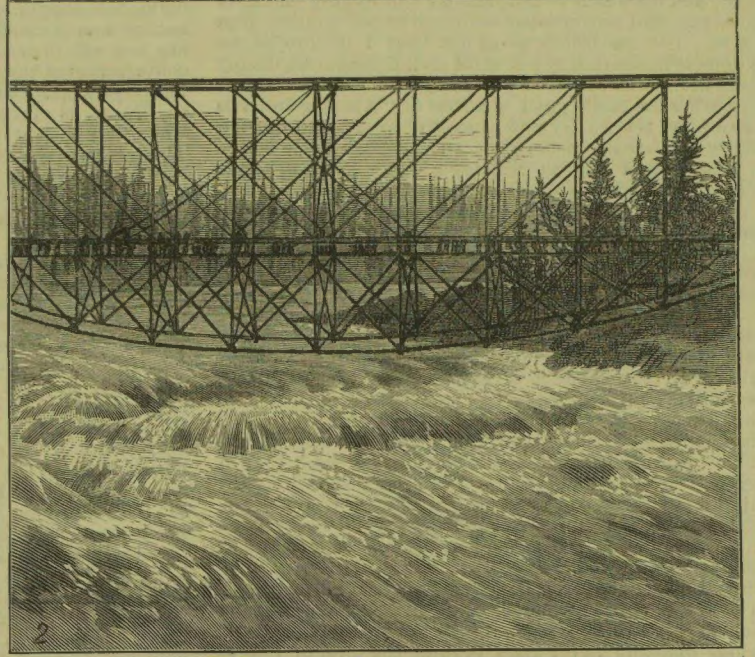
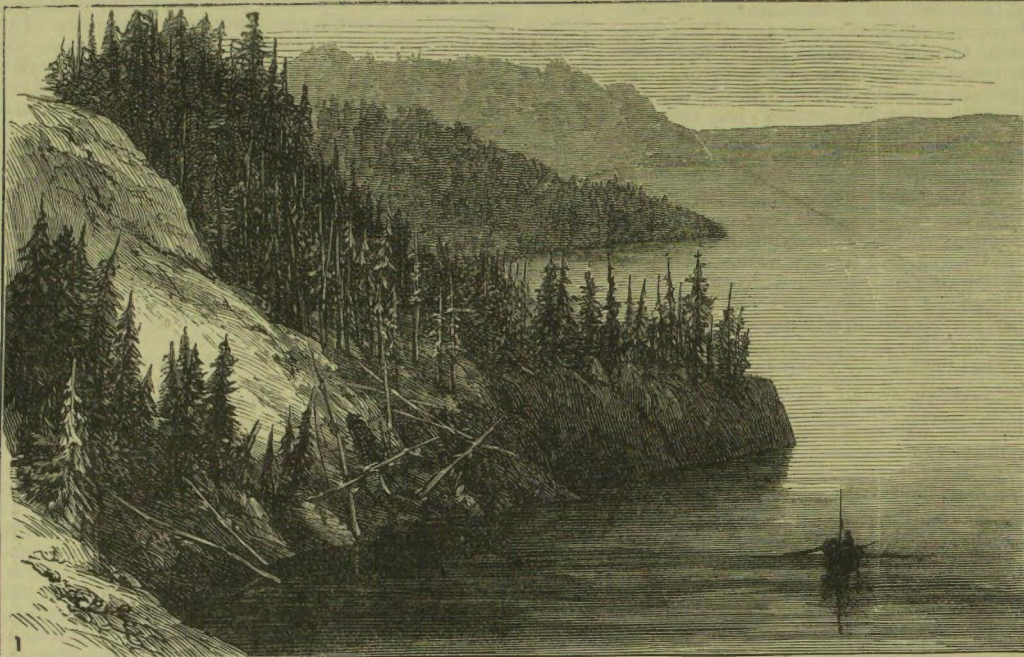
The Friday evening's concert included Herr Gade's cantata "The Crusaders" (vocalists, Miss Marriott, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. King), and a miscellaneous selection.

On Saturday morning Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" (the Grand Mass in D) was performed, followed by Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" ("Hymn of Praise"), the solo vocalists of the day having been Misses A. Williams, Marriott, and Damian, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The supplemental concert—at popular prices—on Saturday evening consisted of extracts from the Festival programmes, in which some of the principal vocalists were heard, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam."

The week's performances have demonstrated that the orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus) was of rare excellence, and the singing of the Yorkshire choristers has fully maintained their high reputation. Madame Valleria, in her new occupation as an oratorio singer, has proved her exceptional capability therefor, and Miss Damian has made a great advance in her promising career.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has worthily fulfilled (for the second time) the office of conductor of the Leeds Festival—and Dr. Spark and Mr. W. Parratt as organists, Mr. J. Broughton as chorus-master, and Mr. A. Broughton as accompanist, have again rendered efficient co-operation.

The opening of the twenty-eighth series of Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts must be noticed next week.



1. Lake Deception. 2. Bridge at Rat Portage Rapids. 3. Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan River. 4. Falls of the Winnipeg River.
5. Tunnel through Rat Portage Island. 6. Mink Bay Railway Embankment. 7. Below the Falls, Winnipeg River.



THE RIGHT OF WAY.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 16.

Paris is dull and dismal; the weather is rainy and windy; rent day has rendered people irritated and disagreeable; the annual visit of the chimney-sweepers is upsetting interior comfort from one end of Paris to the other; the reappearance of the dealer in roasted chestnuts at every street corner has reminded the Parisian that winter is coming. Truly mid-October is the least pleasing of all the epochs of the Parisian year. Then, in addition to mud, rain, an empty purse and other incentives to pessimism, the Parisians during the past week have suffered from a want of distractions, and the gazetteer has nothing but events of second and third rate importance to record. What? First of all a new comedy by Meilhac and Gille at the Palais Royal, called *Ma Camarade*, which is certainly witty, and as certainly improper, to say the least. Still, the acting of Daubray and Mlle. Réjane is so excellent that the spectator, especially the Parisian spectator, willingly pockets his prudery. Then a "punch d'indignation"—the title is a decided hit—held by the Radicals at the Lac St. Fargeau in honour of General Thibaudin, and then a small scandal. An improvident Neapolitan Princess, who has been twice divorced and thrice had her debts paid by her brother-in-law, the Comte Potocki, has made her debut as a singer at a little café concert, called *La Scala*, in the Faubourg Poissonnière. The improvident lady in question is a Princess Pignatelli, daughter of a notable diplomatist who was at one time Ambassador at Petersburg. You may imagine what a fuss—the French say "hot throats," *gorges chaudes*—the Republican press has made over the downfall of this titled spendthrift. A similar scandal to this happened during the Empire at the time when the victor of the *coup d'état* was preparing his civil list and distributing pensions of 20,000f. a head to his relations. On this list one name was crossed out on account of *mésalliance*. The relation in question petitioned in vain; then she paid a visit to the manager of the *Porte Saint-Martin*, and the next day the playbills bore the notice: "Shortly, début of Mme. X., née Bonaparte W." The effect was immediate, and the heroine of the *mésalliance* obtained her pension, like the rest.

M. Jules Ferry and some members of his Cabinet have been visiting Normandy, and making political speeches, with a view to the approaching Parliamentary struggle, which begins next week. At Havre M. Ferry delivered a violent philippic against the Extreme Left, taking up the challenge flung down of late by the Radical Press, and making a public and absolute rupture with the *intransigeants*. M. Ferry did not enter into details about either home or foreign policy, nor did he set forth any definite programme. He simply protested that he did not wish to follow a stationary policy, but rather a policy of progress, subject to the essential condition of order, a policy that would allow the country to develop slowly and peaceably under the protection of a stable Government. After this speech, we may more than ever look forward to a very fierce political struggle during the coming Session. It is believed that the negotiations concerning the Tonquin difficulty will be delayed until M. Ferry has felt the pulse of the Chamber. Until then M. Waddington will make himself scarce and the mediation of England remain in the problematic state.

The publishers are beginning to send out their novelties. Here is a charming volume of Theodore de Banville, the exquisite and faultless poet—a volume of prose sketches, studies, and meditations, called "Paris Vécu." M. de Banville, in the form of long letters to a solitary philosopher friend, gives his impressions of Paris with singular charm of language and delicate wit. M. de Banville passes for the wittiest of modern Parisians, and his new book does not belie his reputation.—The mass of unpublished documents concerning the eighteenth century is being rapidly diminished by the industry of modern research. Hachette and Co. have just published a most interesting chronicle of the Court and the town from 1706 to 1725, under the title of "Les Correspondants de la Marquise de Balleroy," full of anecdotes and amusing details of the most anecdotic and most amusing of centuries. Another volume of considerable interest relating to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is an historical study by M. Adrien Desprez on "La Politique Féminine de Marie de Médicis à Marie Antoinette."—In "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Théâtre," by Adolphe Babin, the reader will find much curious information about the French stage between 1830 and 1855, especially about the romantic movement in its relations to scene painting.—M. Gounod is just finishing his oratorio of "Mors et Vita" for the Birmingham Musical Festival. T. C.

The new Spanish Ministry which has been formed under the Premiership of Señor Posada Herrera took the oaths of office on Saturday evening.

The seventh International Geodetic Congress was inaugurated at Rome on Monday. The opening speech, in Latin, was delivered by the Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Baccelli.

On Monday the new Palace of Justice at Brussels was formally opened by the King of the Belgians, who subsequently held a reception at the Royal Palace.

At Utrecht on Monday the statue of Count John of Nassau, brother of William the Silent, founder of the Union of Utrecht, was unveiled, with much ceremony, by the King of Holland. The Queen was also present.

Nearly a million persons visited the Berlin Hygienic Exhibition, which was closed on Monday.

The International Exhibition in Munich was closed on Monday.

The Emperor of Austria arrived on Sunday at Szegedin, which has been rebuilt. This was the city which suffered so severely in 1879 from a flood. The Emperor remained there three days, making a detailed inspection of the Government buildings, schools, and other establishments of the reconstructed town. His Majesty was enthusiastically received.—The Hungarian Budget of 1884 was submitted to the Diet last Saturday. It shows a deficit exceeding twenty millions of florins, which is, however, nearly four millions less than was the case in 1883. The greater part of this, in addition to ten millions for the sinking fund, will have to be provided by means of credits. The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet, after some debate, passed the resolution brought forward by M. Tisza, the Premier, for the settlement of the escutcheon question in Croatia.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia arrived at Cronstadt on Monday, proceeding immediately to Peterhof. They left for Gatchina on Tuesday. The foundation-stone of the new church of the Resurrection, to be built on the spot where the Emperor Alexander II. was assassinated, was laid on Thursday by the Emperor, in presence of the Court dignitaries, representatives of the nobility, and of the municipal and rural administrations and deputations from the mercantile community.

The United States Supreme Court on Monday decided that the first and second sections of the Civil Rights Act, under

which coloured people now sustain actions for denial of accommodation and privileges equal to those accorded to white people in inns, hotels, railways, public conveyances, and theatres, are unconstitutional, Congress having no right to pass such sections. This decision will not apply to the territories or to the district of Columbia.—It is now finally ascertained that the Prohibitory Liquor Amendment to the State Constitution of Ohio has been defeated by a majority of about 75,000.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise left Ottawa on Monday en route for England. A farewell address was presented to them by the citizens of Montreal, to which his Lordship gracefully replied for the Princess and himself. The ball was a perfect success. About 800 persons were present. The Princess was especially delighted with the whole day's programme.

There has been another revolution in Hayti, and Port-au-Prince, the capital, is reported to have been nearly destroyed by incendiarism and bombardment. It is also stated that a British steamer, the *Alps*, which had gone from Port-au-Prince to Jérémie to fetch away some refugees, was fired upon by a Government fort.

Mr. Osborn, the British Resident at Durban, left that city on Monday, with an escort of native police, for the Inkandhla Bush, in which Cetewayo has taken refuge. Cetewayo has surrendered to him, and is now in Natal.

The Viceroy of India left Simla for Cashmere on Tuesday. His Excellency's visit is purely a pleasure trip.

A despatch received at Hong-Kong states that a serious riot has occurred at Foochow, and that the French Consul interfered to prevent a renewal of the disturbances. Placards have been posted up at Hainan threatening death to Europeans and Mandarins.

The Suez Canal Company's engineers have prepared plans for the construction of a second Canal, for the widening of the present Canal, and for a scheme which is a compromise between the two proposals. They will shortly be considered by the directors.

An earthquake has occurred in the Gulf of Smyrna, attended with loss of life and destruction of property.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The rapid progress that has been made in the construction of this mighty work during the past two years and a half, accompanied by the vast extension of agricultural settlements over the plains of the Northwest Territories, from the Red River of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, is one of the most surprising facts of the present age. The Canadian Pacific Railway, which will, when completed, have a total length of 2869 miles for the main line, sets forth from a point of connection with the lines near Ottawa, the Federal capital of the Dominion of Canada. Its route passes by Lake Nipissing, and runs westward through the wild country north of the Great Lakes, Huron and Superior, to cross the outlet of the Lake of the Woods at Rat Portage and Keewatin, proceeding to Selkirk and Winnipeg on the Red River. It passes thence westward over the prairie, along its southern margin, touching the banks of the Assiniboine at Portage-la Prairie and Brandon, running south of the Qu'Appelle to Regina, and traversing many degrees of longitude beyond, until, crossing the South Saskatchewan, it ascends the valley of the Bow River to Calgary, and finds a pass over the Rocky Mountains. Its further course in British Columbia, through the forest and hill region of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, to Port Moody, in Burrard's Inlet, opposite Vancouver Island, will require difficult and costly engineering work; but this is already well begun. The eastern section of the line, at the north of Lake Superior, also presents considerable natural obstacles. These, by the skill and toil of its constructors, will be overcome next year, bringing the railway to Port Arthur in Thunder Bay. The middle prairie section to the Rocky Mountains, not far from the British Columbian frontier, promises to be completed by the end of this year. The line has been already opened for traffic to Calgary, 850 miles west of Winnipeg. About two thousand miles' length of the whole intended railway is actually constructed; and we may expect, in two or three years more, to be able to travel by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. In this anticipation, some enterprising people already speak of a new route to Australia, as well as to China, by way of Canada, instead of by San Francisco. Mails and passengers, they say, will be saved four days by this, compared with the Californian route. Although the ocean distance homeward from Sydney, New South Wales, to Port Moody, British Columbia, is three hundred and twenty miles more than from Sydney to San Francisco, the Canadian overland route to Quebec is three hundred miles shorter than that through the United States, and the Atlantic passage from Quebec to Liverpool is as much less than from New York. The Pacific steam-ships will have the advantage of coaling more cheaply direct from the Nanaimo collieries in Vancouver Island. The Rocky Mountains will be crossed by a pass very much lower than that on the line from San Francisco, and less exposed to be snowed up in winter. It is manifest that the Canadian Pacific Railway is destined to change the balance of population on the North American Continent, and possibly to alter the course of travel and traffic. In contrast with these wonderful prospects of advancing civilisation, our sketches of the wild natural scenery of a few places, very far apart, through which the railway is carried, may seem to present a very different aspect. But such aspects of nature, especially those of the forests and the great rivers, have a peculiar and abiding impressiveness of their own.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts distributed the prizes and certificates gained by the students at St. Stephen's Institute, Rochester-row, on Wednesday evening, in the new boys' school-room, Vincent-square, Westminster.

First in the field this year, Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner bid fair to be also first in merit for the tastefulness and variety of their Christmas and New-Year remembrance-cards. Very beautiful are some of the new designs, the floral cards being particularly attractive, and the coloured studies of Scottish scenery and lively drawings of sporting subjects being also noticeable.

A true bill was found by the grand jury at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday morning against Patrick O'Donnell for the murder of James Carey. An application was made later in the day to Mr. Justice Denman to postpone his trial to the November Sessions, and was not opposed by the Attorney-General, who conducts the case on behalf of the Crown. The trial was accordingly postponed.

A cordial public reception was given at Folkestone on Saturday to the Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador, who has gone to reside in the neighbourhood. Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., having made a speech welcoming his Excellency, the Town Clerk read an address, the sentiments in which were re-echoed by the Mayor and Lord Brabourne.—The Marquis Tseng had an interview with Lord Granville at Walmer Castle on Monday.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17.

Some weeks ago was pointed out the prospect of an improvement in the traffic of the Mexican Railway with the advent of October. So far, this anticipation has been realised, with the result that "bear" attacks on the stock have become both less frequent and less vigorous. This improvement, from what I can gather, is quite independent of the carriage of materials for the new lines under construction, which are apparently conveying their own goods now coming by way of the North. The yellow fever at Vera Cruz has sensibly abated with the setting in of the cold weather, and business is rapidly emerging from the depression and stagnation that resulted from the outbreak. This fact, and a revival in the traffic of the Mexican Railway, can hardly be regarded as a mere coincidence; and assuming, as we fairly may, an intimate connection between them, and remembering, at the same time, that iron has virtually ceased to go over the company's system, we seem to have a demonstration of the directors' recent statement that the undertaking is capable of doing well out of its normal business. The return published last week gave a total of £19,800, and if this figure be anything like sustained, the shareholders need be under no apprehension that their dividends are about to be wiped out. The Directors, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, may fairly be credited with knowing something of the business of the line and its capability for expansion, and they have up to the present certainly not been far wrong in stating that in order to get a traffic that will enable a distribution to be made on the ordinary stock the carriage of large amounts of iron is not necessary. A dividend of about £6 has yet to be paid for the past half year, and there can be no doubt that a substantial distribution for the current six months is assured.

American Railway securities have of late lost their former strength and elasticity in spite of the satisfactory progress shown from week to week by the published traffics, which testify to a tolerably active condition of trade throughout the United States. The weakness arises purely from the course of speculation in the New York market, and seems to be partly explained by rumours of an impending cutting of rates. No company in particular is designated as harbouring so inopportune a design; and many are disposed to think that the rumour has been fabricated with a view to getting down prices and enabling over-sold speculators to get back their stock. The "bear" account in New York is still of immense proportions, and more or less heavy premiums are paid for the loan of stock. Indeed, as illustrating the situation, it has been mentioned that while loans on Government securities command 1½ per cent, money is readily obtained on speculative railway stocks at 1 per cent.

The Institute of Accountants has issued a circular to all its members urging them to do all in their power to facilitate the action of the Board of Trade in carrying out the provisions of clause 162 of the new Bankruptcy Act (referring to unclaimed and undistributed dividends or funds), and calling upon them to forthwith pay the same into the Bankruptcy Estates Account. Accountants and others who have been slow and lax in dealing with the liquidation of estates intrusted to them will, doubtless, be aroused to more activity by this recommendation, and by the substantial fine that will attach to any undue delay in conforming to the new Act; and we shall probably once more come to hear of many an Old-World concern which, in passing into the hands of the liquidator, disappeared, and left no trace behind.

Few people, probably, of the present generation ever heard of the York and Carlisle Railway Company, which was formed about 1845-6, and soon afterwards abandoned. Shareholders in that ancient undertaking are, however, now being advertised for, as some funds, representing a surplus of subscriptions or deposits paid by applicants for shares, remain undistributed. If all the original shareholders could be got together, they would form an interesting assembly as a body of Waterloo veterans; for not one can be under sixty, assuming him to have taken instant advantage of his majority to subscribe to the undertaking; while others among the survivors may long since have passed the age when the affair could yet be remembered.

Mercantile failures in Montreal and New York have occurred this week, and the result is to reawaken the apprehensive feelings which followed the disclosure of embarrassment and fraud in our own circles. Reliable telegrams have been received here on the subject from both Montreal and New York, and they all agree in deprecating the assumption that these occurrences indicate general weakness.

The Colonial Bank of New Zealand invite tenders to the 23rd inst. for £200,000 Otago Harbour Five per Cent Bonds to bearer of £100. Interest accrues from July 1 last, and the principal is to be repaid on Jan. 1, 1921. No application offering less than £95 will be accepted. The Otago Harbour Board is well known to investors in this country, and, as in making the further expenditure indicated by this issue, it is but meeting the rapidly growing demand upon harbour accommodation, it follows that the security for the issue is excellent. T. S.

The Portrait of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada, which we published last week, was from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

The feature of "Hood's Comic Annual" for 1894 that will be regarded with most interest is the little story of theatrical life by the late Mr. Dutton Cook, entitled "Columbines all of a Row," which is a true study from the stage. Living artists and writers of talent vie with each other to maintain the reputation of "Hood's Comic Annual" for variety and vivacity.

Mr. Charles Du Val, an adventurous gentleman, who has seen men and cities, and has in South Africa relieved the tedium of camp life by his versatile talents, is now amusing the London public at the large St. James's Hall. Mr. Du Val's mimetic powers in his monologue entertainment is exceedingly diverting. He is Woodin, Maccabe, and Howard Paul rolled into one. Mr. Du Val is aided by the clever young Tilley Family's lively choreographic interlude.

Lady Burdett-Coutts has been spending a week with General and Mrs. Malcolm, at Gwendraeth House, Burry Port, Carmarthenshire, and, this being her first visit to the district, the inhabitants on Thursday week presented an address of welcome to her Ladyship. The town was *en fête* for the occasion, when there was a large and enthusiastic assemblage in the grounds of the veteran officer, and several choirs sang Welsh and English pieces in honour of the benevolent lady. In the course of the week the Baroness visited the schools and works in the district, and met with a hearty reception.

An exhibition of painting on pottery, tapestry, china, terra-cotta, and silk, with specimens of modelling, &c., by professional and amateur artists, held under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and the principal residents in the county, was opened at King's Lynn on Tuesday, and remained open during the week.

THE RECESS.

Amid the Party clash of words, there are happily, some signs that Party bitterness does not prevent due tribute being paid to two distinguished men. Doubtless, many a "Conservative working man" has contributed to the handsome Crown Derby dessert service, which the artisans of Derby propose to present to the Prime Minister in December next. It is certain that numbers of Liberals will heartily subscribe to the national testimonial to be offered by Scotland to the Duke of Buccleuch. His Grace having deservedly won a pre-eminent reputation not only as a just but as an enlightened and generous landlord, the citizens of Edinburgh, presided over by the Lord Provost, have done well to resolve to co-operate "to the utmost of their power" in the promotion of the Buccleuch Testimonial movement. Could the rival Party leaders but bring themselves to combine for the speedy cure of the sores still affecting the body politic, Utopia would soon be brought within a "measurable distance" of the British Isles. Such combination and co-operation would quickly hit upon the best solution of one of the gravest problems of the period—that of the miserably and dangerously inadequate "Labourers' Dwellings," which the Marquis of Salisbury proposes to discuss in the November number of the *National Review*.

Sir Stafford Northcote wound up his oratorical campaign in the north of Ireland at Larne on Saturday last. Though the Right Hon. Baronet's utterances in Ulster may have resembled the platitudes of Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper rather than the well-weighed counsel of a prominent statesman, his Union speeches incontestably had one good effect, from an Imperial point of view. They elicited the loyal enthusiasm of the Irish Unionists. It was unfortunate that the same stormy weather which prevailed when Sir Stafford Northcote landed from the Pandora should have roughly greeted him when he re-embarked on board Mr. W. H. Smith's fine steam-yacht.

The Leeds Conference of Liberal delegates from all parts of the Kingdom, of national interest by reason of Mr. Bright's resuming in public his old, familiar rôle of "Tribune of the People," has strengthened Conservative opposition to the County Franchise and Redistribution of Seats measures; but will unquestionably add force to the movement for securing the passing of those long-delayed reforms in Parliamentary representation. Mr. Bright was the guest of Mr. John Barran, M.P., at Chapel Allerton Hall; and the principal meeting in Leeds in favour of the above-mentioned reforms was fixed for Thursday. It is worthy of note that Mr. Bright met with a hearty exception at Leeds; that Mr. John Morley opened the Conference in the Albert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and Mr. Gladstone's name was received with vociferous cheers; and that the overwhelming feeling of the great gathering was in favour of the introduction of the County Franchise Bill next Session.

The late Lord Beaconsfield (the loss of whom as a Leader was never felt so signally by the Conservative Party as it is at the present moment) was known to be famed as a phrase-coiner; but is even excelled in the art of rounding sentences that fit their victims like a cap by Mr. Bright. The next General Election will probably prove more fruitful in phrases than many a past struggle. Evidently in training for that contest when it comes, Sir Hardinge Giffard last Saturday barbed his tongue well at Launceston, vehemently denounced Mr. Chamberlain and all his works, and loudly called upon Conservatives to rally to fight the "Party of Violence, Socialism, and Infidelity." Which epithets were not altogether unworthy Sir Hardinge Giffard's late chief.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached on Sunday morning in the parish church at Croydon, the service being attended by the Mayor and Corporation. On Tuesday afternoon the Primate reopened the ancient parish church at Westerham, Kent, restored at a cost of £5000.

The new nave of Hammersmith church, which has been erected at a cost of upwards of £10,000, was consecrated last Saturday by the Bishop of Bedford.

The Bishop of St. Asaph on Saturday last consecrated a chapel dedicated to St. Mary, at Bersham, near Wrexham, North Wales, erected some years ago, by Mr. Thomas Lloyd Fitzhugh, as a private church.

Bishop Macrorie is said to have declined the bishopric of Bloemfontein.

The Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Moberley) attained his eightieth birthday on Wednesday week. The Bishop is in feeble health, but still takes an active interest in his diocese.

The Bishop of Gloucester on Thursday week consecrated a new parish church erected at Gloucester in memory of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools.

The Lincoln Diocesan Conference was opened at the County Assembly-rooms, Lincoln, on Tuesday, with a fair attendance of the clergy, when the Bishop delivered his opening address.

It is stated that the Rev. B. F. Westcott, D.D., late Canon of Peterborough, has accepted the canonry of Westminster, vacated by Canon Barry, now Primate Designate of Australia.

The old Norman Church of St. Andrew, at Irby-on-Humber, has been reopened by the Bishop of the diocese, after thorough restoration. Lord Yarborough was one of the chief contributors, and the cost of rebuilding the chancel was borne by the Vicar, the Rev. C. Holliswell.

The Rev. Barnes Lawrence, has been presented with 200 guineas on his removal from Eastbourne to St. Luke's Church, Liverpool.

An appeal for additional subscriptions is to be issued in connection with the repairs to Peterborough Cathedral, the two western piers of the lantern tower, hitherto considered secure, having now been condemned.

The fifth annual exhibition of produce, machinery, and appliances connected with the brewing and licensed victuallers' trades was opened on Monday at the Agricultural Hall, where it was continued until Saturday.

In London 2504 births and 1438 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 143, and the deaths 69, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 3 from smallpox, 32 from measles, 57 from scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, 23 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 26 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 163 and 191 in the two preceding weeks, further rose to 248 last week, but were 32 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 40 deaths: 31 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered.

CONTINENTAL ART NOTES.

We purpose in these notes recording such impressions of the various autumn exhibitions as a rather hurried visit to the different art-centres of the Continent leave on the mind of one not unaccustomed to trace the progress and indicate the drift of contemporaneous effort in painting and the pursuits thereto akin.

In Hamburg, whither we were enjoyably wafted in the good ship *Martin*, there is no pretence to any special art-manifestation. The city encircling its twin-lake, made lively by the hurrying to and fro of tiny steamers, and lovely by the presence of many swans, is quite content with its one distinguishing honour of being the commercial capital of the German empire. Yet, few Englishmen will tarry a day, wandering through its busy streets, without paying a visit to the *chef-d'œuvre* of the late Sir Gilbert Scott.

It is assuredly the finest church in the city, and in it the Gothic proclivities of the architect found full play. He appears to have put forth his whole strength in the production of an architectural masterpiece, and that, too, not in vain. One is quite startled by the mediæval statelyness of its effect, the abounding wealth of its detail, and the grace and fitness of its proportions. Sir Gilbert's material was brick, with stone for the dressings, finials, and statues, and one scarcely knows which to admire most, the success of the architect or the cosmopolitan impartiality of the Hamburgers.

Nor, in spite of its stately streets and many palaces, can Berlin claim anything like so dominating an attitude in the region of the fine arts as she can in the field of arms, and consequently in the controlling policy of men and nations. Yet, there are not wanting very emphatic symptoms of a tendency towards the arts of peace. One of the most palpable evidences of this lies in the fact that, within the last few years, white marble statues have been erected to the memory of the brothers Humboldt, and placed, not in a side street, or a remote place, but in the great avenue of the city, *Unter den Linden*, where Frederick himself, the creator of Prussian power, sits mounted on his war-horse.

Nor is the military class so dominant as it was a few years ago. Officers are on far more friendly terms with civilians when they meet in public, and the suavities of life are freely interchanged. Consciousness of power and assurance of position in States and sections thereof, as among individuals, do not necessarily lead to arrogance and tyranny.

This reference to the Humboldt monuments reminds me that by far the most interesting art incidents to Berlin and the empire generally was the unveiling the other day of Professor Johannes Schilling's truly noble statue of "Germania," near Rüdesheim, in the Niederwald. One can scarcely imagine the idea of the Unity of Germany being embodied with more dignity and grace, or the unveiling of such embodiment being hailed with an enthusiasm more intense and national.

But if Berlin itself has not achieved any special distinction this year with its current art display, it has, in the domain of science, scored an emphatic success. Its Hygienic Exhibition has won European approval, and the heart of Dr. Richardson will doubtless rejoice. Whatever pertains to sanitary science is represented here, and Berlin deserves well of the world at large for having set before it so thoroughly the means of leading, whether individually or in communities, a life of health, and therefore of happiness.

Coming south to Dresden, the house of Schilling, who has won such renown by his statue of Germania just alluded to, we find that its *Kunst-Ausstellung* calls, like that of Berlin, for no special notice. Its exhibits are over five hundred in number, and, with the exception of the portrait-bust of the venerable octogenarian and much-loved artist, Professor Ludwig Richter, by Dr. Gustav Kietz, a few portraits in oil, and sundry landscapes of undoubted power, there is little to distinguish the Dresden Academy from an ordinary exhibition of a provincial kind.

At the same time, it must be borne in mind that the Queen of the Elbe, whose magnificent sweep of water and sky-line of gentle hills Napoleon the First used, when in temporary possession of Dresden, to contemplate from its matchless river-terrace, has difficulties to contend with in respect to its annual art-show—difficulties, too, which are shared by only three or four other cities in the whole of Europe.

After wandering among the art-treasures garnered in the galleries of Florence, Paris, and Madrid, one comes upon the current exhibitions of those cities with a mind preoccupied and partly prejudiced. So with Dresden. After exploring the many rooms of the Royal Gallery there, and gazing on the masterpieces of many mighty men, of whose genius we have, for the most part, but inadequate representations in the cities of their birth, it is not to be wondered at if, turning aside to the collected productions of living men, we come to the too hasty conclusion, perhaps, that they are stale, flat, and unprofitable.

Canaletto, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Holbein, and Raphael—to mention only a few—are each of them represented by works whose renown is world-wide. We need not, therefore, tarry to pick out the individual works of merit which occur in the Dresden Academy. At best it is but local in its merit and significance.

Let us wend our way still farther south, and see if we cannot find a city whose autumn exhibition is of a cosmopolitan kind and of international interest. Such a city and such an exhibition we found four years ago on "the Isar rolling rapidly"; and we propose giving in these columns, as we gave in 1879, a brief résumé of the contents of the International Exhibition of Munich in this year of grace 1883. British art is not without honourable representation; and when, in a future article, we have indicated cursorily its extent and quality, as we shall the efforts of other nations and their relation to our own, we propose bending our course eastward and ascertaining for ourselves the extent and significance of the much-talked-of International Exhibition of Black and White opened the other day in Vienna. J. F. R.

The management of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall will produce next Monday an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "On the Thames;" and a new after-piece, by Arnold Felix, music by George Gear, called "A Water Cure." "Treasure Trove" will retain its place in the programme.

At Guildhall on Tuesday George Warden, the defaulting secretary of the River Plate Bank, was brought up on remand, and, upon the evidence of the chairman of the bank and other witnesses, was formally committed for trial at the November Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, prisoner's counsel announcing his intention to make important admissions at the trial. In the afternoon John Davis Watters, who had acted as Warden's broker, was charged with having stolen and received certain securities belonging to the River Plate Bank, the evidence of Warden being taken against him. From the statements of the latter it appeared that both prisoners had been engaged in speculations on their mutual account, and had incurred losses amounting to upwards of £100,000. When further concealment was found impossible Watters gave Warden £200, and said he should give himself up. Watters was remanded for a week.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1863), with two codicils (dated March 11, 1872, and June 16, 1871), of the Ven. William Clive, Archdeacon of Montgomery, late of Blynthill Rectory, Staffordshire, who died on May 21 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by the Earl of Powis and the Rev. John Robert Orlando Bridgeman, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £94,000. The testator leaves the Leigh Hall estate, Worthen, Salop, and all other his real estate, upon trust, to pay the rents and income to his daughter, Mrs. Marianne Caroline Bridgeman, for life, and then as she shall appoint. His personal estate, subject to the payment of a few legacies, is also left, upon trust, for his said daughter.

The will (dated April 29, 1880), with a codicil (dated Jan. 23, 1883), of Mrs. Susanna Imbert-Terry, late of No. 10, Park-village West, Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park; and of Strawberry Hill, Lympstone, Devon, who died on Aug. 19 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Frederic William Imbert-Terry and Henry Machu Imbert-Terry, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testatrix gives to her husband, Mr. Henry Imbert-Terry, an annuity of £1800; to her son Claude Alexander an annuity of £400; and there are pecuniary legacies to her husband and others. The remainder of the income of her numerous freehold and leasehold properties and of her residuary personal estate, during the lifetime of her husband, is to be divided between her sons Frederic William and Henry Machu, and her daughters, Mrs. Mary Ann Abbott Athill and Miss Eliza Sophia Imbert-Terry. A sum of £10,000 is to be set aside to repay her son Frederic William any sum he may expend in buying the estate of Bois du Breuil, department of the Loire, France, formerly belonging to the ancestors of her husband, and which the testatrix is very anxious should be purchased and kept in her son's family. On the death of her husband there are specific gifts of house property, both freehold and leasehold, upon trust, for each of her last-named four children, and also for her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Louisa Sophia Imbert-Terry; and the ultimate residue of her estate is to be divided between her four children, the said Frederic William Imbert-Terry, Henry Machu Imbert-Terry, Mary Ann Abbott Athill, and Eliza Sophia Imbert-Terry.

The will (dated March 19, 1883) of Mr. George Hodgskin, late of No. 67, Redcliffe-gardens, who died on Aug. 21 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by the Rev. John William Vun Rees Hoets and Edward Bell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and his furniture, books, pictures, household stores and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Harrietta Susannah Hodgskin; and £500 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death one third thereof is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Mary Elizabeth; and one third, and, on the death of Mary Elizabeth, one half of one third, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Catherine Mellersh Carof and Mrs. Harriet Julia Russell, for their respective lives, and then for their children or issue, as they shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1874), with two codicils (dated Oct. 26, 1880, and Feb. 1, 1883), of Mr. James Buckley, late of Penylan Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, brewer, who died on March 3 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Joshua Wedge Buckley and William Joseph Buckley, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Buckley, his household furniture and effects, and a few other legacies, and he makes provision for his daughters. All his freehold and leasehold properties, and the residue of the personality, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood. At her death, or marriage again, he makes specific devises, upon trust, for each of his four sons, including the Castle Gorvan property to his son Joshua Wedge; and his freehold and leasehold properties at Elm Grove and Cae Swan, Llanelly, used in connection with his business of a brewer, maltster, and merchant, to his sons Joshua Wedge, James, and William Joseph. The residue of his freehold and leasehold property he leaves to his four sons, and the residue of the personality to his sons and daughters.

The will (dated May 2, 1883) of Mr. George Francis Marx, late of Arlebury, near Alresford, in the county of Southampton, who died on Aug. 8 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Mrs. Constance Catherine Marx, the widow, and Francis Michael Ellis Jervoise, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testator leaves his furniture, household effects, live and dead farming stock, and £400 to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

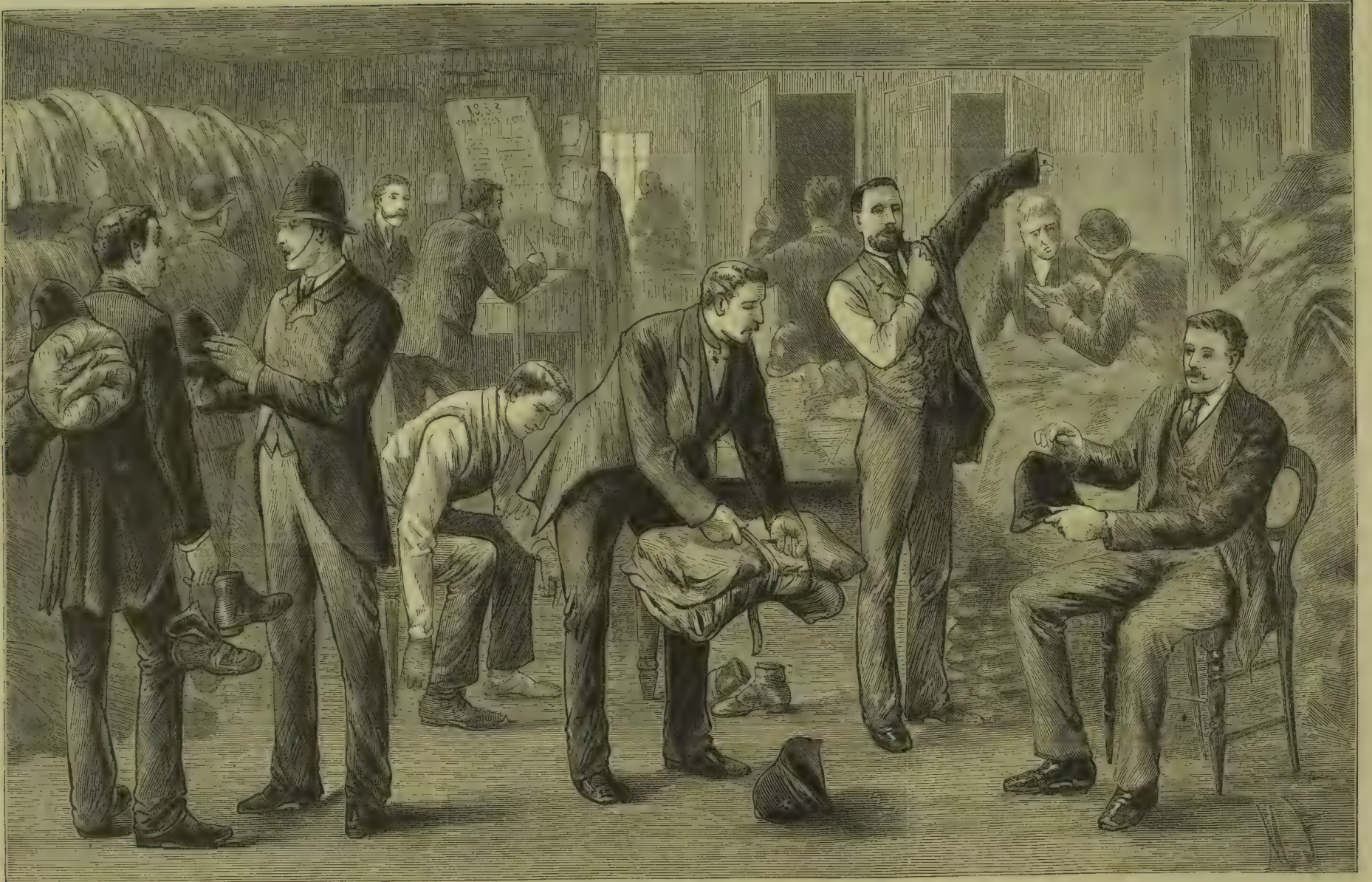
The will of Mr. William Francis, late of St. Thomas, Exeter, has been proved, in the district registry office, by his eldest son, William, sole executor. The personal estate amounts to £23,268 15s. 10d. The testator gives to each of his unmarried daughters, Elizabeth and Emma, £5000; he gives also to his said two daughters a further sum of £1700, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Amy Louisa Francis; he gives also to his said two daughters his dwelling-house, with all the furniture and effects; as tenants in common; he gives to his said son William his ten-yard and buildings, with premises adjoining, upon certain trusts; to his son John a reversionary interest, to which he was entitled by purchase, and a sum of £2500; and to his said son William the residue of his real and personal estate.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1882) of Mr. Charles Henry Pain Courtney, late of Littleton, Southampton, who died on Aug. 3 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Thomas Mackrell and William Mackrell Courtney, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £15,000. The persons interested under the will are testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1879), with a codicil (dated Aug. 14, 1880), of Mrs. Mary Budgett, late of Cheddar, Somersetshire, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by William Parker Budgett, Robert Norton, and George Mackenzie Muckay, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Bristol Blind Asylum, and legacies to her executors and to Arthur Allsop; the other and principal legatees are certain of her nephews and nieces.

The will (dated July 25, 1873), with a codicil (dated March 14, 1883), of the Rev. John Clarke Russell, late of Church Villa, Cotham, Bristol, who died on June 26 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Henshaw Skinner Russell, the brother, and Lieutenant Colonel Hickman Rose Russell, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testator leaves his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Tovey Russell; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her for life. At her death, he gives certain lands, £5700, and one half of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his son John Skinner Russell, and the other moiety of the ultimate residue to his son Hickman Rose Russell.

S K E T C H E S I N S C O T L A N D - Y A R D.



SERVING OUT CLOTHING TO THE POLICE.



PENSION-DAY FOR THE RETIRED POLICEMEN.

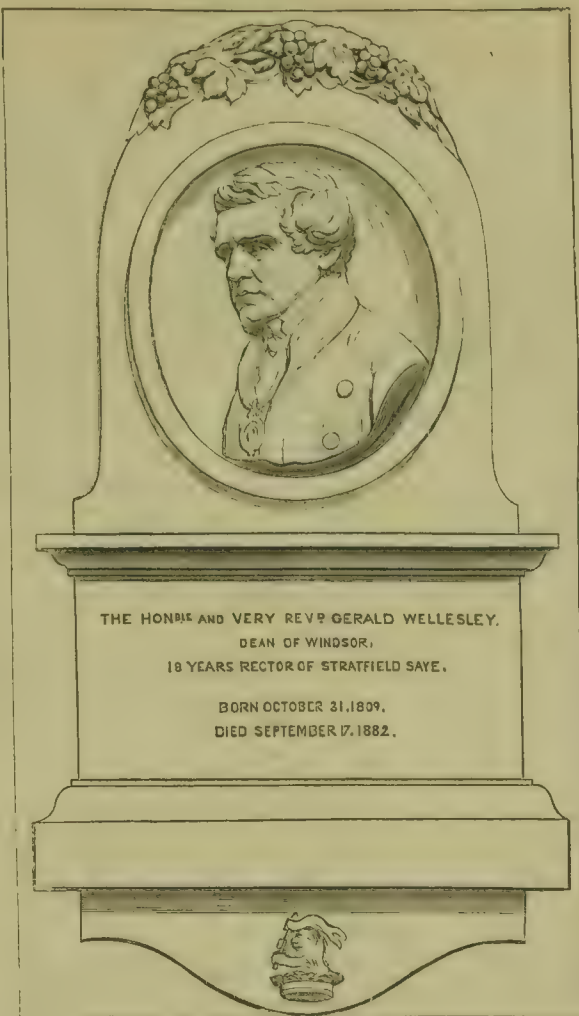
HAMMERSMITH NEW PARISH CHURCH.

On Saturday last, the Bishop of Bedford, acting for the Bishop of London, consecrated this important building, of which the foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Albany on the first day of July last year. Only the nave and aisles are yet constructed. The church is built from the designs of Mr. Hugh Roumieu Gough, with whom Mr. J. P. Seddon has been associated as joint architect. This edifice, when completed, will be over 190 ft. in length by 73 ft. wide and 63 ft. high, and will accommodate about 1100 persons. The exterior walls are of red Mansfield stone, and the interior of brown Ancaster, but faced, to the height of 6 ft. from the ground, with Belgian marble. The columns and steps are of the same material. The want of a new church for this large parish has long been felt. The old church was built in 1631, as a chapel of ease to Fulham, when Hammersmith was a mere hamlet. It was founded by Sir Nicholas Crispe, a rich London merchant, a



NEW PARISH CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, HAMMERSMITH.

staunch and devoted friend of that unfortunate Monarch Charles I. He imported arms for the King's service from France; and during his war with the Parliament raised for him the sum of £100,000. After Charles's death, he put up a bust of the King in the old church, and directed in his will that, upon his own death, an urn should be placed below it, and his heart put therein; and that each year, at the anniversary of his death, it should be refreshed with wine—a custom which was duly observed until quite recently. Among other curiosities possessed by the old church are some valuable paintings by Cipriani, which are for sale, as they cannot be used in the new church, and the proceeds will be given to the building fund. There is also a handsome carved altar-screen and reredos by Grinling Gibbons. The foundation-stone of the old church was laid by Archbishop Laud; and the same prayer that was used on that occasion was used last year at the laying of the first stone of the new church. A copy of it, with some account of the ceremony, is found in Archbishop Laud's diary, which is preserved at Lambeth Palace. The old church was also notable for Queen Caroline having often attended Divine service there, and her pew is still shown. The Vicar of the parish is the Rev. J. H. Snowden. The Bishop of Bedford, who was accompanied at the consecration service by the Rural Deans, the Rev. Canon Cromwell, the Rev. Chaplain, and several other clergymen,

MONUMENT TO THE LATE DEAN OF WINDSOR
IN STRATFIELDSEAYE CHURCH.

MEMORIAL STATUE OF SIR T. WHITE AT COVENTRY.

preached a sermon, and exhorted the congregation to make an earnest effort to clear off the debt of £1500 on the new building. It is hoped that means will soon be forthcoming to complete the church by the erection of a tower and chancel, as designed by the architect, when the parishioners of Hammersmith will be able to boast of having one of the finest churches in London.

THE ROMAN BATHS AT BATH.

It is well known that the pleasant city and medicinal watering-place called Bath was the *Aquæ Solis* of the Romans, when Britain was a province of their Empire; and some interesting traces of their occupation of this place have been discovered, from time to time, during the past five years. The excavations begun by the Municipal Corporation have been carried on by the Bath Antiquities Committee, assisted by the London Society of Antiquaries and by private subscribers, but more funds are still required. The hot springs appear to



ROMAN BATHS DISCOVERED AT BATH.

have been protected, under Roman management, by an octagonal structure, built of massive stone and cased inside with lead, beneath the modern Pump-room. The greatest discovery has been that of a large bath 81 ft. in length by 38 ft. 10 in. in width, with steps complete at its four sides, floored with blocks of masonry, on which still remains the original coating of lead. The bath was supplied by the hot mineral water, and had a hatch or sluice of bronze (now deposited in the Pump-room) for conveniently emptying it. The bath is in the centre of a large hall with *scholæ* all round, in length 110 ft., width 68 ft. 6 in. The floor of this hall is at a depth 20 ft. below the neighbouring street; above part of its site are the offices of the Poor Law Board, which have been under-pinned and supported by arches, while other large buildings have been purchased and removed by the Corporation. The ancient Roman masonry stands yet upwards of 10 ft. above the floor of the hall, which consists of three aisles, the centre being the width of the bath, vaulted by a barrel-vault. The vault sprang from an arcade of clustered pilasters, giving seven arches on either side. The pilasters, 2 ft. in diameter, of solid block, stand on Attic bases and plain pedestals; the side aisles or *scholæ* were arched and groined, with attached pilasters along the walls and three recesses (*exedrae* or *stibadia*) 15 ft. wide, on each side the hall; two being semicircular, and the third and central one



CASTLEWELLAN, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND, THE SEAT OF LORD ANNESLEY.

square. In the centre bay of the northern arcade is a de-faced piece of sculpture, through which ran the water. Below the sculpture is a recess in the steps marking the position of a large sarcophagus (now lost), into which the water was first poured and so overflowed into the bath. The entrance to the great bath is at the western end, by a doorway from a large hall, the precise extent of which is unknown. Very fine fragments of architectural sculpture have been obtained; also a metal mask somewhat similar to those of Dr. Schliemann, several patens and ewers of metal, and an engraved tablet, another tablet in cursive character, a large number of coins, bones and pottery, and lastly a teal's egg, evidently in the position it was laid by the bird against one of the ruined pilasters of the bath in the decayed vegetation; this little token of nature proves that the city of Aquæ Solis (Bath) continued a deserted ruin for a lengthened period after its destruction by the Saxons, A.D. 577. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Augustus F. Perren, of Milsom-street, Bath.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE DEAN OF WINDSOR.

The late Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor (son of the first Lord Cowley), was Lord High Almoner, and thirty-three years Domestic Chaplain to Queen Victoria; he was also Rector of Strathfieldsaye, Hants, being nephew to the great Duke of Wellington. The present Duke, his cousin, has had a beautiful monument erected in Strathfieldsaye Church, the work of Mr. George G. Adams, whose bronze statue of Wellington, at Norwich, and those of Sir Charles Napier, in Trafalgar-square and in St. Paul's Cathedral, of Sir William Napier, and of Lord Seaton, with many busts, including that of the great Duke, which was reproduced for the Queen by special command, have earned him a high reputation as a sculptor. We give an illustration of the mural marble monument to the late Dean Wellesley, which is about 7 ft. high by 4 ft. wide, and is placed in the chancel near the pulpit from which he formerly preached. The centre part contains a life-sized portrait, in very bold relief; above this is an arrangement of wheat and grapes, emblematic of the Holy Sacrament; the arms of the family appear below.

THE SIR THOMAS WHITE MEMORIAL, COVENTRY.

A statue of Sir Thomas White, who was a London merchant, and Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Queen Mary, has been erected in the town of Coventry by public subscription. He gave large sums of money to this town in its time of great need, also to the towns of Bristol, Warwick, Nottingham, and other places which shared in his bounty. The monument is erected at the angle of the Greyfriars Green. It is supported upon a pedestal of fine Cornish granite 10 feet in height, which bears on its summit the colossal marble figure of Sir Thomas White, 8 feet in height, in the grand costume of a Lord Mayor in the year 1558. The memorial was unveiled on Thursday of last week by the Mayor, Mr. A. S. Tomson, assisted by the Town Council, in the presence of a large assemblage of people. The sculptors are Messrs. W. and T. Wills, of Gower-street, London; the cost of the work is estimated at £800.

CASTLEWELLAN, COUNTY DOWN.

The seat of the Earl of Annesley, Castlwellan, where Sir Stafford Northcote has been lately staying, is one of the finest places in the north of Ireland. It is five or six miles from the sea at Dundrum Bay. The castle is situated on the slope of a wooded hill, rising from the banks of a large lake, and in full view of the magnificent range of the Mourne mountains, which reach an altitude of about 3000 feet above the sea, and form the background of a landscape of surpassing beauty. In our Engraving, which is from a photograph, the position of Castlwellan is shown with good effect.

The directors of the London and River Plate Bank have issued a circular to their shareholders recommending them to adopt the liability for the bonds taken from their custody and recoup the owners.

At a special meeting of the Windsor Town Council on Monday, Mr. George Henry Long was elected Town Clerk of the borough, in succession to the late Sir Henry Darvill; and Mr. Henry Darvill was elected Clerk of the Peace, in succession to his father, who held the office for many years.

THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the month "of mists and mellow fruitfulness." October winds whistle among dry stubble on uplands where the last sheaf of corn has been gathered, and scatter russet leaves from the slender sycamores, but have no power yet to touch the sturdy elms that belt this old homestead round. The thoughts of sportsmen are turning to hunting now, and the "master's daughter," who goes, one may be sure, straight as a bird when hounds are running hard, is dreaming of many a glorious gallop across the pleasant pastures yonder as she wanders through the meadows with those playful puppies gambolling about her. Their time of joyous freedom is drawing to a close. Before another summer comes they will be numbered among the young entry, and subjected to the stern discipline of a more stinging lash than she flicks about them gently when they do not obey her imperious call very promptly. She has already begun to teach them some lessons that may be useful when that time comes. They do not quite know what it all means, but they will dash into plantations at a wave of her hand; fling round in a wide cast over the grass, and with ridiculously grave faces make solemn pretence of puzzling, or rush together pell-mell at the sound of her musical view holloa! They are all of favourite strain, no doubt, or the Master would hardly have chosen to "walk" them at home. They may not be the best looking of all, or likely to win most admiration from judges at the next puppy show; but they are of blood that the squire prizes for sterling worth; and followers who know how good the old sort is will look for them often to take the lead when scent is cold or a fox sinking. The days of milk and sugar will be over then, but their young mistress will have many a caress for them and a word of endearment when they have specially distinguished themselves; as she has now after every successful attempt they make to play the part of wise old hounds with becoming gravity.

H. H. S. P.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

We present two more of our "Sketches in Scotland Yard," the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police, representing the scene at the periodical distribution of new clothing to the civil army of constables, whose numbers, discipline, and organisation were described in preceding articles upon this subject. Their pay is drawn weekly, and is at the rate of £78 per annum for first-class constables, £70 4s. for the second class, and £62 8s. for the third class; the sergeants rising from £88 8s. to £98 16s. by length of service; sergeant clerks, £104; and inspectors, in four classes, from £117 to £189 16s. The clothing supplied to sergeants and constables (not including the Thames and Dockyard Police) consists of one great coat for three years' wear; one tunic coat, for a year; one pair of dress trousers and one pair of undress, for a year; helmet, for eighteen months; a pair of boots, for six months; armlets, as required; a waterproof glazed cape, to last two years; and a fatigue dress, renewed in three years, for fire brigade practice. The mounted constables have cloaks and overalls, and those who drive police-vans, or look after horses in the stable, have necessary articles of equipment; while there is a different scale for inspectors, also for assistant clerks, and for gaolers. The men find their own gloves, white cotton in summer, black worsted in winter. Waist-belts, with truncheon cases attached on the right side, are issued to the constables. The old articles of clothing, at the proper time, are collected for sale, when the metal numbers and letters are taken off the collars to be put on new clothing, as they are durable enough. Every member of the force is at liberty, when off duty, to wear plain clothes instead of the uniform. They are obliged to reside wherever they may be appointed. "Section-houses," provided and fitted up by the "Receiver" of the Metropolitan Police District, serve for the lodgings of a large proportion of the single men, who pay for this accommodation at the uniform rate of one shilling a week, deducted from their wages; each has a bed and box, and a place at their mess-table, providing jointly their own food and cookery; and there is a library, with recreation-rooms and bath-rooms, in most of the section-houses, which are under certain regulations for good order, cleanliness, and comfort. The "Police Code," from which we extract these particulars, mentions some intended provision of quarters for married men, who are to have one sitting-room and two bed-rooms, with a kitchen or scullery, at a rate not exceeding three shillings a week for constables, or four shillings for sergeants, and an extra room, if they wish it, for an additional sixpence. We believe, however, that such accommodation for married police constables is not by any means generally provided; and that

many, even of those without children, are compelled to hire apartments in private houses at twice the cost here specified, and to suffer much domestic inconvenience. It seems very desirable, upon all accounts, for the good of the service as well as for the comfort of the men and their wives, that proper dwellings should be erected in the neighbourhood of every divisional station, or in other suitable localities, for all members of the force, the married as well as the unmarried. Although a monthly visitation of the lodgings inhabited by those who do not live in the section-houses is ordained, to see that they are fit to reside in, and that the other lodgers or tenants are respectable people, it would obviously be more expedient that their households should be kept separate from those of the surrounding population of the district.

The scale of pensions, retiring allowances, and gratuities, to men who have served well, and who are incapacitated by age or infirmity, and the benefits of the Superannuation Fund, to which every member of the Police force subscribes two-and-a-half per cent of his whole pay, must also be noticed, in connection with the second of our Sketches. A man who has served above five years, but less than fifteen years, may, if he retires for the cause stated, obtain a "gratuity" to the amount of one month's pay for every year that he has actually served. A man who has completed fifteen years' service, and who is obliged to retire on account of health, gets a pension for life, calculated at the rate of one fiftieth part of each year's pay multiplied by the number of years he has served; but after twenty years' service, two fiftieths of the yearly pay will be reckoned in computing his pension; and after twenty-eight years' service, his pension will be two thirds of his pay. Accidental bodily injuries, especially those received in the execution of duty, are treated with special compensation. If a married constable is killed on duty, a pension of £15 yearly is given to the widow, and a yearly allowance for each child under fifteen years of age. The provision for all these pensions, gratuities, and allowances, comes to a sum far exceeding the proceeds of the Superannuation Fund, the difference being, of course, made up at the public cost, which ought not to be grudged.

New public streets, made at a cost of nearly £100,000, were last week opened in the east end of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will give a special address to Sunday and Ragged School Teachers next Monday evening at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

The South London Tramway leading from Wandsworth to Westminster Bridge, by way of the Albert Embankment, was opened for public traffic on Monday.

Extensive new waterworks were opened by the Mayor and Corporation of Hastings on Thursday week, at a place called Filsham, two miles westward of St. Leonards.

In connection with the ceremony of opening the new City Townhall at Brechin, on Tuesday, the Freedom of the Borough was conferred on the Earl of Dalhousie.

The Treasury have received 144 dols. currency of the Dominion of Canada, as conscience money, an acknowledgment of which is given, as desired, in this paper.

Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, of Bristol and London, cocoa and chocolate manufacturers, have been awarded the Diploma of Honour, the highest award, at the Amsterdam Exhibition.

The exhibition of the Turner's Company will be opened at the Mansion House next Tuesday, and will be continued until the following Friday. The prizes will be distributed on the latter day by the Lord Mayor. Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts and others have contributed prizes.

Last Saturday afternoon the foundation-stone of a public hall was laid at Beckenham, Kent, by Sir Charles Mills, M.P. for West Kent. The building is estimated to cost about £6000. Subsequently a banquet took place, at which Dr. Sturges, of Beckenham, the founder of the scheme, presided.

Last Saturday afternoon the Earl of Aberdeen unveiled a portrait of Dr. John Anderson, late Superintendent of Woolwich Arsenal, by George Reid, R.S.A., in the Free Church, Woodside, near Aberdeen. The portrait, which is an excellent likeness, was subscribed for by 1700 of the inhabitants of Woodside, in recognition of Dr. Anderson's munificent gift of a library of 9000 volumes.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week, a letter from the Town Clerk at the Guildhall was presented, stating that the Water Supply Committee of the Corporation of London would be glad to have a conference with the Works and General Purposes Committee of the board on the subject of the amendment of the laws now in force regulating the supply of water in the metropolis.

NEW ZEALAND.—Provincial District of Otago.

OTAGO HARBOUR BOARD FIVE PER CENT LOAN OF £200,000, in Debentures to bearer of £100, redeemable at par on Jan. 1, 1891. Interest accrues from July 1, 1883.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Colonial Bank of New Zealand are empowered by the Otago Harbour Board to negotiate the sale of the present Loan, which consists of 2000 Debentures of £100 each, repayable to a bearer at par, in London or New Zealand, at the option of the holder, on Jan. 1, 1891, and of which 100 Debentures, equivalent to £10,000, have already been disposed of. The Debentures bear interest at 5 per cent per annum, accruing from July 1, 1883, and payable by coupons half-yearly, on Jan. 1 and July 1, at the Colonial Bank of New Zealand, in London or New Zealand. The first coupon is payable on Jan. 1, 1884.

The Loan is to be expended on works undertaken for the improvement of the port at Otago Heads, so that vessels drawing 23 ft. of water may safely enter the harbour, and on certain other harbour works connected with the further extension and improvement of the reclamation scheme and additional and necessary important excavations in the docks, basins, and channels in the upper harbour.

The present loan is secured on all rents, tolls, and dues of the Otago Harbour Board, and on all lands the property of the Board, which consist of town lands, lands reclaimed and to be reclaimed from the sea, according to plans of "The Harbour Board's scheme of Improvements," and of lands purchased for purposes connected with the said scheme of improvements, and for the better management of the Harbour, subject to two prior charges, amounting together to £350,000.

Of the above amount £20,000 is repayable by annual drawings at par, by which it is estimated this sum will be wholly paid off within thirty years from the present time. The debentures already drawn amount to £10,800.

The Colonial Bank of New Zealand invite tenders for the whole or any part of the above issue of £200,000, less the 100 debentures (say £10,800) already disposed of.

Such tenders are to be lodged with the Bank, on or before Tuesday, the 23rd inst., not later than two o'clock p.m., at which hour they will be opened in presence of any applicants who may see fit to attend.

The debentures will be allotted to the highest bidder; but no tenders will be accepted at a less price than £95 for every £100 of Debentures.

Full Prospectus and Forms of Tender may be obtained at the London Office of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand, where the documents referring to the present issue of Debentures may be inspected.

The Colonial Bank of New Zealand, 13, Moorgate-street, London, E.C., Oct. 12, 1883.

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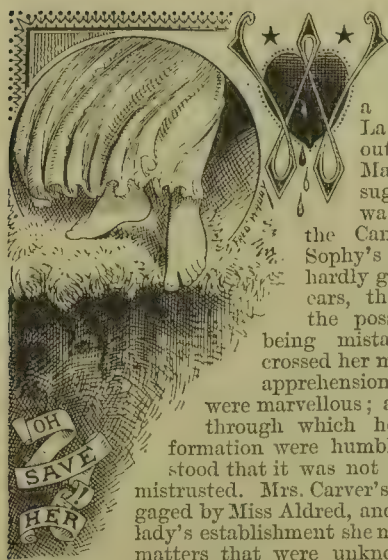
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CHAPTER XXXI. CONSENT.



"going on" above stairs is only too comprehensive; they may be assured of many things that have never taken place, but they do know what has happened.

"My dearest Sophy," said Henny, gravely, "is this true which a little bird has told me (she did not say what a very callow bird it was) about you and Mr. Adair?"

"Yes, dear."

The answer was distinct and decisive enough, but there was no joy in its assurance. How very different was its tone, as Henny could not but reflect, from that in which she herself had announced to her friend her own engagement to Mr. Irton.

"Then I suppose, my darling, I may congratulate you," said Henny. "I only hesitate to do so," she said, conscious of some shortcoming in her tone, "because you may not like my knowing of it. Oh, Sophy, why didn't you tell me?"

"Mr. Adair—I mean John—wished it to be kept secret a little longer (this was scarcely true; it was Sophy herself who had counselled delay); but I don't mind your knowing it, darling. There is nothing covert—or, or—underhand about the matter."

"Underhand! I should think not. I'm sure my Sophy would do nothing of that kind."

Sophy smiled and shivered.

"Mr. Adair is such a favourite of the Canon's that it is certain to please him," continued Henny. "What a clever husband you will have, Sophy. At one time I used to be quite afraid of Frederic for that very reason. Those lines of the 'In Memoriam' used always to be coming into my head—

He reads the secret of the star,
He threads the labyrinth of the mind;

and, of course, Mr. Adair knows more about the stars than even Frederic. But what does it matter, as I have found out, how clever men may be as compared with us poor women, if they only really love us?"

"No, I suppose it doesn't matter much," murmured Sophy.

"It doesn't matter at all, my dear. No man wants a fool for a wife, of course. Though she may not understand half he understands, she must understand him, and be able to sympathise with him. But as for knowing Greek, and Algebra, and things, Frederic tells me (and I believe him) that he loves me all the better because I know nothing about them. He says

such women are admirable on platforms and most useful on boards; but for domestic life he prefers a little ignorant like myself. Not that I am comparing my small wits with yours, dear," said Henny, with a sudden flush. "They are not to be mentioned in the same breath, I know. Only Mr. Adair is such a very great mathematician that I thought you might be a little afraid of him."

Again Sophy smiled and shivered. Henny had inadvertently struck a very tender chord, though it was not of Mr. Adair's mathematics that her friend stood in fear.

"And when is it to be, my darling?" inquired Henny, after a little pause.

"Not till Mr. Adair has taken his degree."

"I suppose not, indeed. Why that means that it may be within six months. Dear me," sighed Henny, "how nice it must be to be rich. That saying about the course of true love never running smooth does not apply to such as you. It is not only that you have only to wish to have your desire gratified, but, 'Hey, Presto!' it is done upon the instant. Oh, Sophy, you ought to be a very happy girl."

"Ought I?" answered Sophy, wearily. "Then if I am not so, I suppose it is because I never am what I ought to be."

"But you are happy, are you not, dearest?" inquired Henny, with affectionate earnestness.

"Oh yes; at all events quite as happy as I deserve to be."

"If that is really so, I should be well satisfied," said Henny, still more tenderly. "But, Sophy, is it not rather soon—I don't mean your marriage, but your engagement. That is"—here she hesitated.

"You mean rather soon after the other," put in Sophy, gravely.

"Oh no, I didn't mean that," said Henny, turning crimson. "I was sure all along that there was nothing serious—it was only that you tried to persuade yourself that there was—in the former matter. I should not have dreamt of alluding to such a thing. When I said soon I meant quickly. You have known Mr. Adair such a very little time, you see."

"That's true, quite true," assented Sophy, slowly. "Yet I think I know him pretty well."

Henny was silent. Her friend's manner, joined to the opinion she had formed for herself of this new suitor, alarmed her; she knew by experience that expostulation was of little use with Sophy, and to hint her doubts of Mr. Adair, since things had gone so far, could only do harm and no good.

"One cannot expect, you know," continued Sophy, with a smile, "that all young men can come up to the standard of your Frederic."

"Of course not," said Henny, naively.

"Mr. Adair, I am well aware, is not so handsome as Mr. Irtton is; he has not such a lively wit, and therefore does not shine to such advantage in society. But my guardian thinks he has some solid qualities, and such as are calculated to make him a good husband."

Henny Helford stared at her friend in silence. To her it would have appeared strange enough if any girl had spoken to her of the qualifications of her future husband in a similar strain, but that Sophy, the most impulsive of all girls she had ever known, should take so cold and practical a view of the matter—as though she had accepted this man upon the faith of the Canon's recommendation rather than from any convictions of her own—was simply amazing.

However, it was clear that the thing was settled, and therefore beyond criticism: nothing remained but to make the best of it.

In answer to other inquiries, Sophy informed her that Mr. Adair's intentions with respect to an educational calling had been definitely given up. His plan was to endeavour to obtain some situation in London, in an actuary's office or elsewhere, where his peculiar gifts might be utilised.

"His marriage will be a great waste, of course," observed Sophy, calmly, "considering that he would be quite certain of his fellowship."

And this again Henny thought was not only a strange thing for an expectant bride to say, but also one quite out of accord with her friend's character. A great change had certainly taken place in it, or she had utterly misjudged it from the first. The real truth did not strike her; namely, that some of these ideas—especially the last one—were not her own.

"And when is your guardian to be informed of your engagement, my darling, since at present, as I understand, he is in ignorance of it?"

"Well, as it happens, Mr. Adair is going to speak with him this very day."

"I am glad of that. I mean I am glad that it is not to be kept a secret from him," said Henny. "You feel sure of his consent, I suppose?"

"Quite sure," said Sophy. Her tone was quiet, almost to coldness, but very decisive.

Except some rather conventional congratulations and some most earnest and genuine wishes for her friend's future happiness, there was really nothing more for Henny to say.

Sophy had good grounds for her conviction that the Canon would offer no opposition. Adair had laid his plans with too great skill to fear anything of the kind; but he omitted no precaution to insure success. Nothing could be more modest and apparently diffident than the terms in which he made confession of having fallen in love with the Canon's ward. He acknowledged that his having done so was an act open to censure; he could even imagine—considering the disparity of means between himself and Miss Gilbert—that it might be considered a breach of hospitality. If that was the view entertained by his patron, sooner than lose his good opinion he was prepared—though at a sacrifice of happiness which no one could estimate but himself—to give up all pretensions to the young lady's hand. He confessed that he had reason to believe that his affection was reciprocated, but notwithstanding that, and supposing, in case of the Canon's objecting to the match, that he preferred to obey the voice of authority to that of love, he would then bow to her decision and never trouble her with importunity or appeal.

Perhaps it was not altogether unnecessary that Adair adopted a course so judicious and conciliatory, for, though the Canon had already pictured to himself the young man as Sophy's suitor, the idea had been almost confined to the regions of imagination: when it had escaped from them and been put into formal shape, as in his conversation with his sister, its reception had not been favourable, and it had seemed less satisfactory to himself; and, now that it started up suddenly before him full grown, like Minerva, it gave him a considerable shock. It is all very well for a kind, thoughtful man, independent of conventionality, to advance (in fancy) humble merit to high places; but when humble merit advances itself without assistance, and then demands his sanction to the transaction, he is sometimes apt to think the step a little audacious.

"If, as I gather from what you say, Adair," was the Canon's grave reply, "you have already spoken to my ward upon this subject, I confess I think you have done wrong. It was to me, and not to her, that you should have addressed yourself."

There was a pause which Adair purposely prolonged, though he had, in truth, long prepared his reply. Then he answered, humbly.

"As to that, Sir, I have not a word of excuse to offer. I might plead, perhaps, some extenuating circumstances; but I do not do so. I was wrong."

This was a sagacious reply; for what it implied was that Adair had only so addressed himself upon receiving such encouragement as few young men could be expected to withstand; but as for putting in that plea, not even wild horses should have torn it from him. The Canon, with Sophy's behaviour to Herbert Percy in his mind, fell into this trap at once. He was vexed and bit his lip; but where such complete submission was made, contention was impossible.

"Your communication has taken me very much by surprise," he said; "I cannot say that it gives me—ahem—unmixed satisfaction."

"It would be, indeed, surprising if it did, Sir," was Adair's rejoinder. "I am well aware that what I have said must seem presumptuous, indeed, even audacious."

"Nay, nay," put in the Canon, touched by his young favourite's humility. "I don't say that. The absence of Fortune and Family is, of course, a serious drawback; but Blood and Money are not everything. As to the latter, you have the material within you, if I am not much mistaken, by which nowadays fortunes are made; and I believe you to be a man of sterling merit. My ward has some money of her own, which will be always hers; no one else can touch it. So far her fortune is secured. And you are not a man to sit with your hands before you and live on your wife's income."

"I should be ashamed, indeed, to do that, Sir. It is very difficult for a person in my position to excuse without accusing himself; but I should like you to feel that Miss Gilbert's fortune has formed no part of her attraction for me."

"I am glad to hear it, and I believe it," said the Canon, earnestly. "In case of your engagement being a short one—well, upon the whole, I should prefer a short engagement—you will be giving up something not inconsiderable, yourself."

You will only gain your fellowship, in fact, to lose it; that is £250 a year or so."

"I hope I shall be able to make £250 a year, Sir, by my own exertions," answered Adair, with a smile of confidence.

"No doubt, no doubt; still, as a matter of fact, you would give up that much."

The Canon was not replying to his young friend so much as to certain other persons not present, to whom he felt it would be necessary to advance "extenuating circumstances;" not only to take this young man's side, but to present the view of the matter as seen from his standpoint.

"So far as the mere money is concerned," he went on, "you may be considered as the working partner, who, though he brings no capital to the concern, contributes the brains."

This was a dangerous metaphor, because it suggested that Adair, under certain circumstances, might have the use of the capital; but the Canon was unaware of the significance of his own speech, and though it struck Adair, he took no notice of it.

"Of course, there will be a great deal of consideration—yes—and consultation," he resumed; "and even if I take my ward's wishes in this matter for granted, Mr. Adair, I can say nothing for certain respecting this proposal at present."

"Indeed, Sir, I feel very grateful that you should take the matter into consideration at all," returned the young man, gravely. "It is quite as much as I could have dared to hope for. But as to consulting others, I trust entirely, next to Miss Gilbert's regard for me, to your own view of my character; it may be much too kind a one—indeed, I feel it to be so; but the truth is, Sir, I have not the qualities that win popularity, and elsewhere I can scarcely look for favour. Poverty and friendlessness are passports to your goodwill; that is not, however, the case with the world at large, Sir, but far otherwise."

"You shall have fair play, Adair, you may be sure of that," said the Canon, assuringly. "I shall not be persuaded to do you the least injustice."

There was another prolonged pause. Adair, convinced that he had obtained his end, was unwilling to break ground in any direction. The more, too, he left his companion to his own reflections, the more likely he felt he would be to regard the matter as a *fait accompli*.

"In case this marriage should take place," continued the Canon, thoughtfully, "I suppose you young people would be rather in a hurry. I have myself said that I am averse to any long engagement, but there must be nothing to distract the mind, such as a honeymoon, before the Tripos. You must take your degree, you know, since your position in the examinations will form your future credentials."

"I quite understand that, Sir," returned the young man, quietly. "Moreover, I should like to win my spurs—to distinguish myself in the only way that for the present lies in my power—for—for—Sophy's sake."

"That is well said," observed the Canon, gently.

"There is another reason also, which you may be sure, Sir, would prevent any precipitation in this matter," continued Adair, earnestly. "I should not dream of deserting my colours as regards the Concordance. That must be finished before everything."

To a worldly wise man this *argumentum ad hominem* would have been too transparent; but the Canon, who had the intelligence of twenty ordinary men, was deficient in mere sharpness. His nature (where he liked people) was confiding in the extreme; and to suspect them of self-interest, especially when their actions suggested self-sacrifice, would have seemed to him a baseness.

"Thank you, Adair," he said. "It is not every man who, under such circumstances, would have given a thought to another's convenience. I should certainly like to see our work complete before you enter into that state (here he smiled, as he always did when a pleasantry was impending), which I hope, for both your sakes, will be a complete Concordance."

It was a bold stroke of Mr. John Adair's; but it succeeded, and gave the *coup-de-grâce* to any lingering objections which may still have existed in his companion's mind. "A man who had such consideration for the interests of his friend (for the Canon never thought of himself as a patron) would surely," was his reflection, "make a tender and unselfish husband. It would be a great thing to have settled Sophy in life, and mated with a man who possessed the one thing she wanted—ballast. It was also very satisfactory to feel that the Concordance was provided for."

Though the Canon had thus quite made up his mind, it was not free from qualms as respected the opposition which his consent to Adair's offer was likely to meet with. He expected some epigrammatic disapprobation from Mr. Mavors, and a word or two of quiet but decided condemnation from his sister. But in this, as it turned out, he was agreeably disappointed. Sophy herself, it was true, did not exhibit much enthusiasm when he informed her that her lover's prayer was granted. She was very far from being unmoved, but her feelings seemed to take a retrospective direction.

She threw herself upon her guardian's neck, and poured out her very heart in gratitude for his long-continued kindness to her. It would have seemed to a less unegotistic nature that she grieved more at parting from so true and tried a friend than she rejoiced at the happiness that was awaiting her. There was no doubt, however, of her having plighted faith with the young scholar; and, on the whole, the Canon was not displeased that she displayed no raptures at the prospect before her. Such subdued bliss, he philosophically concluded, was more likely to last.

Mr. Mavors received the intelligence without one word of criticism or comment. It was not, as his friend was well aware, an example of silence giving consent; but it was something that he forbore to speak his mind. He seemed to be quite prepared for the news and to bow to the inevitable. All he said was, "I hope with all my heart that Miss Sophy may be happy."

Miss Aldred exhibited considerably more surprise, but also abstained from any expression of opinion.

"You know, William," she observed, gravely, "where I wished her choice to fall; but since she has made her own election, I have not a word to say against it."

Her private thoughts were, however, a little different. Though she had no suspicion of the actual state of the case, she had misgivings that matters had gone farther between Sophy and the late Mr. Herbert Perry than they had appeared to have done; and the transference of that young lady's affections to Mr. John Adair seemed to her to be indecorously rapid. "I am afraid," she sighed to herself, "that our poor Sophy has not much heart."

Unhappily, she was mistaken; whatever her faults, Sophy had a very tender one; and it is those who have tender hearts who give the real hostages to Fortune, and, tied to her stake like some poor beast for baiting, have to endure her sharpest scourge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

A poet, who got a pension for it (and not undeservedly), once described the changes wrought in human life by ten years. In a last run even—five years—there is often change enough (as may well happen when the events of half an hour may direct the whole current of our being). Within that space the boy

becomes a man, the girl a matron, the man of middle life joins the seniors, the senior totters on the verge of the tomb. In five years the shortest term of penal servitude expires, and one becomes once again a free man; in five years, with exceptional good fortune, a marrying man may have four honeymoons (I know one who had three during that period, and spent them all in the Isle of Wight). In five years about one fifth of the human race leaves this world for good, or, at all events, for good and all. Within this period, now supposed to have passed, the personages of our little drama have partaken of the common lot. The Canon, though as bright and hale as ever, is grown grey. Miss Aldred wears a *pince nez* on her dear nose. Mr. Mavors is very much aged, which the Canon affects to resent extremely. He says it is not fair to him, since those who consult the Cambridge calendar, and find the tutor and he are contemporaries, draw the false deduction that he himself must be getting on in years. He feels, on the contrary, more youthful than ever, since Robert is coming home from India.

Since we saw him last, indeed, he has had little to age him. None of those body blows which Fate so often administers to us just as we are growing weak and unfit for combat with her, and which, as it were, "doubles us up," so that we walk with a stoop for the brief remainder of our days. Nay, the blind-fold lady has shown him favour. The Aldred edition of Milton has been, if not a financial success, "very well received by the critics," and the Concordance has even paid its own expenses. What can a man of letters (who is not a literary man by profession, his one eye bent on fame and the other on the main chance) look for more? The Canon is more than satisfied. He has large-paper copies of each work with uncut edges. The Milton is dedicated to his old college chum, Reginald Mavors. The Concordance contains a handsome acknowledgment of the invaluable assistance rendered to him by "his young friend John Adair, scholar of Trinity and second wrangler of his year."

Adair, though he had always No. 1 in his view, was obliged to yield that place in the Tripos to another, and thereby disappointed one genuine friend and a great many backers. The Canon always felt that his Concordance had something to do with his failure in this matter, which was sufficient in itself to place him under an obligation to the young man for life. On the other hand, it might well have been that the thoughts of his approaching marriage diverted Adair's mind from the study of those high mathematics which demand an undivided allegiance. However, next to being senior wrangler is to be second wrangler; and though such academic distinctions have not so much weight with the world at large as in educational circles, they have still a material value. At all events, aided no doubt by the Canon's influence, Adair obtained a certain situation in London in the office of a leading actuary, which only a great University reputation could have secured for one so young. The position did not prove to be permanent, but the reasons which caused him to remove elsewhere seemed amply sufficient. He threw in his lot with a firm of rising stockbrokers, thereby acquiring a small share of its profits, and within the last year or two he had been made a partner in the concern. There had been some liabilities and difficulties in the last arrangement, but they had been surmounted, by what means will be presently disclosed.

Upon the whole, the Canon had no reason to regret his ward's alliance with so able and diligent a man of business as Adair had proved himself to be. The young man had always treated him with the same respect and esteem which he had shown as his assistant and amanuensis, and indeed, of late, with an effusive demonstration of regard that seemed somewhat foreign to his character, but which a certain exceptional kindness on the other's part had not unreasonably evoked. In appearance Adair had changed but little; he had never looked juvenile, and now seemed no older than in his college days; his thoughtful face wore a still keener and more shrewd expression, and his manner upon occasions was more masterful than it had wont to be, but that was all. Sophy, on the other hand, was much altered. She was still sweetly pretty—to the eye that looks beyond the merest externals, even prettier than she had been; but the sprightliness which had once formed her most striking charm had fled. She had a trouble of which every one knew, sufficient to account for this. The only offspring of her marriage, a little child now four years old, was an invalid and a cripple. It was a girl, but her pet name (the only one she was known by) was Willie. She had been named Wilhelmina, the nearest feminine approach to the Canon's William, in spite of his own remonstrance against so outlandish a choice. It was impossible to refuse his consent to his ward's entreaties—she made them upon the first occasion of his coming to see her after she became a matron; a more charming and tender spectacle, he thought, had never met his eye than this young mother, pale and frail as a lily, with that bud of a baby beside her.

"My dearest guardian, if your name were Maher-Shalal-Hash-baz," she said, with a touch of her old manner, "I should call her Maher-Shalal Hash-baz, after you. How can it be otherwise? Whom should I wish her to remind me of so much as your dear self?"

Of course it had been open to him to reply, "Well, your husband, for instance." But that was an argument which, even if he had been inclined to argue the matter, would, perhaps, hardly have occurred to him. To say the truth, it would hardly have suggested itself to anybody that babies were (at all events in the usual sense) much in Adair's way. To so calculating a mind—I do not say so mathematical a one, for I have known mathematicians who disregard nothing because of its smallness, and who are the tenderest of human souls—a baby formed only a fractional portion of humanity, and did not represent an integer at all. Adair, like many a better man, did not even profess to care for such very small deer. He looked upon them as persons careful of their time regard a shrimp—not worth the trouble it entails upon the consumer; though in his case the case was of course reversed; he was the producer. This paternal indifference prompted well-meaning folk to comfort Sophy with the assurance that when Willie became a little bigger her husband would make up for all previous shortcomings in the way of affection to her; a prophecy which she received in total silence.

Jeannette, who was still in attendance upon her mistress, was by no means so sanguine as these comforters. "He takes no more notice of it," she once angrily exclaimed in Sophy's hearing, "than if it had been somebody else's." And to this, too, though it was clear that when she said "somebody" she meant a particular person, Sophy answered not one syllable.

Another great change in her was that there was "no murmur at the door so constant on its hinge before." All her lively talk had ceased. Even when that sad accident took place which crippled her child in all human probability for life; and at the same time made it too likely that that life would be a brief one, she had said but little, and murmured not at all. Perhaps she thought it but a righteous judgment upon her, poor soul, for certain sins of hers. And yet (or so she thought, and so Jeannette said) it might have been prevented. Although it has been shown that Mr. John Adair could be liberal enough upon occasion, the occasions were all in connection with his personal interests: in matters outside

them, he practised a rigid economy. His domestic expenditure, except where it came immediately under the public eye, was conducted on the most provident principles. The wages he considered ample for the nursemaid of his only child were not such as to cause any very brisk competition even in that overstocked market, and resulted in the appointment of one who was almost a child herself. Sophy and Jeannette, it is true, were in constant attendance upon little Willie (who was to her mother all that now could be considered gain on earth, and wellnigh made up for all her loss); but sometimes it was necessary to intrust the little treasure to this hireling. And the hireling had dropped her. What was worse, she did not think it worth while to mention the fact; and when it was found out, the mischief had gone too far for mending. Jeannette afterwards expressed her opinion that, beside the limb of the poor child, there took place on that occasion another breakage—its mother's heart.

At all events, Sophy's life from that moment was passed on "a broken wing." She never reproached her husband, for when remonstrance is unavailing, reproach is vain indeed, while to others she kept silence on that matter—as on all the rest. Jeannette, too, though so free-tongued to her mistress, said nothing against her master without doors, for her mistress' sake. He believed the girl to be his ally; for, indeed, had she not been subsidised, purchased? Her talent for intrigue had wrought mischief enough, as she was by this time well aware, and all the reparation she could make, to her whom she truly loved and had so unwittingly harmed, was to use that talent in her service. No one outside its walls knew what went on in that pleasant house in Albany-street, where nice little dinners were given (for the kitchen expenses were by no means conducted upon the same rate as those of the nursery), and agreeable company not seldom visited, and where especially everything was *couleur de rose* when the Canon and Miss Aldred came up to town to stay with the young people.

There was one sin of which the master of that house could never be accused—namely, that of idleness? He was a diligent worker; and, though of excellent business habits, he never worked in a groove. His fault, indeed, lay in the other direction; he was a schemer, and a bold one, and his schemes absorbed him.

It was a great mitigation to Sophy's married life that she saw but little of her husband. To the readers of this history who have been admitted behind the scenes it would be superfluous indeed to say that she did not love him. She had never loved him even at the best—that is to say, when she had seen but little of him; and it was not likely that love had grown from knowledge. A great poet has described in his youth the good effect of offspring in bringing husband and wife together who have otherwise nothing in common; had he been more mature, I sometimes doubt whether he would have taken that view. I have noticed in such cases that all the pent up love of one or the other has passed into the tiny channels thus opened to it, without overflow: the bed of the stream remains dry. At all events, where the children touch the heart of one only of the parents, these are thereby by no means drawn nearer to one another; on the contrary, the one resents the other's indifference to their common offspring, and the other is jealous of the new-born love that was denied to himself. The reflection "half is his and half is mine" never occurred to Sophy as she clasped her fragile darling to her heart. Willie was God's gift to her, not her husband's, who not only did not prize, but had maimed it. It is thought in certain well-meaning but unintelligent circles, that high spirits with the young should be discouraged; that a lively wit savours of irreligion; and that the world stands less in need of smiles than tears. These good folk would have been gratified by the alteration in "Airy, fairy" Sophy, who had certainly been reformed in that respect, if not converted.

Yet it gave Henny Helford—who was good, too, in her way, though not goody-goody—the heartache. Not a word did Sophy drop to her of those domestic troubles at which we ourselves have only guessed; but she read them in her face, her eyes, her form, as no others—not even Aunt Maria—read them. Henny's own sky, though it had plenty of sunshine, was not an unclouded blue. She had been wedded to her Frederic for three years, but no child had blessed their union. It is one of the many stumbling-blocks in the way of the optimists to see a wife like Henny, whose very knees, one might say, were made for children to cling to, without offspring. An eminent conversationalist living by himself is a deplorable spectacle, but that is only a waste of power; he might, too, be living with persons who didn't appreciate him. But when one considers the heaps of women who have children they don't want, and don't know what to do with, Henny's case seems very hard. Frederic was getting on in his profession, so that a baby more or less would have been no strain upon his resources, and, as these increased, it was interesting to remark how much he was approved of even by those who had not been hasty in their appreciation—as, for example, by his mother-in-law. Mrs. Helford had been always made welcome to her son-in-law's house; but at first it could scarcely be said that she had laid herself out to make herself agreeable there. She had thrown out little hints of the results of too lavish expenditure, which had only annoyed her host because they frightened Henny; but as soon as she clearly perceived there was no reason for them she frankly acknowledged the advantage of being thoroughly comfortable on a safe basis, and had even a secret consciousness that it was better than being ruined by the best of sons. Stevie was by this time at school, having quite got rid of his ailments, and showing no sign of his early delicacy, so that the old lady (as we may now venture to call her) was glad enough to exchange her solitary home for that of her son-in-law, though she still kept up her house at Cambridge "to receive the dear boy when he came home from the holidays" (which he always spent with his aunt) and "to give dearest Henny a change" which she seldom took. In the long vacation Irton, like other lawyers, (except that he carried his wife with him), fled across the Channel for a thorough change, and returned to his modest residence in Maiden Vale with a thankful heart, and the conviction that there was no place worth living in but England. Such was, in brief, the changed condition of the personages of our little drama wrought by five years; upon the whole, not very momentous ones; but fated to be succeeded by more eventful days, a term which, though apparently neutral, too seldom, alas! augurs sunshine.

(To be continued.)

A deputation waited upon the Bridge House Estates Committee yesterday week to urge the importance of the establishment of steam ferries across the Thames below London Bridge. The committee undertook to give the subject due attention.

A public park presented to Coventry by a citizen, Mr. David Spencer, was opened on Thursday week with great public rejoicing. In connection with the event, a statue to the memory of Sir Thomas White, a Lord Mayor of London in the sixteenth century and a great benefactor to Coventry, was also unveiled, and another park, presented by the trustees of Sir Thomas White, was dedicated to public use.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and hence the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

T C S (Ascot).—The book of the last London Congress is being prepared for the press, and will be published about the beginning of next year.

T B R (Dublin).—Thanks for the compliments. The last problem shall receive our best attention.

A F M (Jamaica). The problems are very acceptable.

O Nemo (Vienna).—Accept our thanks for your contributions, and kindly convey the same to Herr Fonda.

H H R (Stoke Newington).—If your solution had been correct it would have been acknowledged. In your proposed solution of No. 2064 you are very wide of the mark. P S.—Look at No. 2061 again.

PROBLEMS, received with thanks, from W Biddle, H W Sherard, A F Morley, G D Fonda (Vienna), and O Nemo (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2061 received from A Greenwood, D O D, Paul Storr, Junbo, and Fennell, of No. 2062 from E L G, H D and G P, Venator, Junbo, A H Mann, New Forest, Pilgrim, E H H, Fennell, and F H A.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2062 received from H B, F J Abé, Florence (Exeter), E L G, H K Awdry, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Congreve (San Remo), C H S (Colyton), T M Holdron, F Ferris, W Miller, A Wickham, A M C Horne, Indagator, S Lowndes, Aaron Harper, E Mynde, Schmiedeleber, A Brookes, Howward, T Brandreth, J H C, N S Harris, G W Law, Finsbury Park Club, Shadforth, Julashort, J R (Edinburgh), H Wardell, G Seymour, L Falcon (Amberg), M O'Fallon, H D and G P, Schmecke, E Casella (Paris), E C H Worthing, F H A, R J Vines, Otto Guider (Ghent), L L Greenaway, H H Noyes, F M (Edinburgh), F A (Brighton), W Biddle, H H Brooks, E K (Picard), L Fort, G S Oldfield, Alpha, L Wyman, Gyp, A W Scrutton, Jupiter Junior, Junbo, L Desanges, H D Rhoads, George Johnson, P W Rees, H Blacklock, Ben Nevis, Carl Friedleben, E J Winter Wood, Curran and Richard (Hamburg), B R Wood, R Worters, A M Porter, E H H, E J Fosno (Hampden), A R Street, S Bullen, G Daragh, James Pilkington, Harry Springthorpe, F G Paisley, W Dewse, A C Hunt, A H Mann, Pilgrim, Raymond, D O D, W T Aman, J A D, R Robinson, J T W, G Huskisson, T G, E Louwen, and K (Bridgewater).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2062.

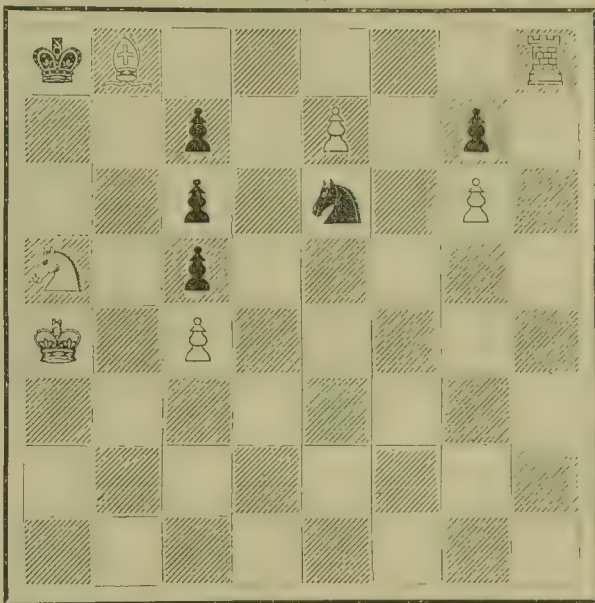
- WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt sq Kt takes P*
2. Q to Kt 5th Kt takes Q
3. P to B 3rd, discovering checkmate.

* If Black play 1. Kt takes Kt, White continues with 2. Q takes K P, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2065.

By H. v. Gottschall, of Leipsic.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Final Game in the Match between Messrs. N. FEDDEN and J. HAASANT for the Silver Challenge Cup of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association.
(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q to B 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. Q to B 2nd	Castles
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. P takes Kt	P to Q 4th
4. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	14. P takes P (en pas.)	Q takes P
5. P to Q 4th	B takes P	15. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
5. P takes P is very much to be preferred.		16. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
6. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt	17. Kt to K 4th	Q to B 2nd
7. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 3rd	18. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
8. P takes P	Kt takes P	19. B to Q 4th	The comp. just.
9. Q to Kt 4th	K Kt to Kt 4th	19.	Kt takes B
Black has opened his game very carelessly, and must now lose piece.		20. Q takes Kt.	and Black resigned.
10. P to K R 4th	P to K R 4th		

As previously announced, Mr. Blackburne's séance of chess *sans voir*, which usually opens the season at the City Chess Club, was held on Wednesday, the 10th inst. There were eight players opposed to him on this occasion, comprising Mr. H. F. Gastineau, the popular President of the Club; Captain Beaumont, of South Norwood Park; the Rev. J. J. Scargill, the Rev. Edward Wells, Mr. B. G. Lays, Mr. Henry Lee, Mr. H. E. Tudor, and Mr. E. Ridpath. Mr. F. W. Lord acted as teller. In the result, Mr. Blackburne won four, lost one to Mr. Lays, and drew with Messrs. Scargill, Lee, and Tudor. On Friday, the 12th inst., Mr. Blackburne encountered twenty-one members of the Club simultaneously without losing a game. He won nineteen and drew two. The fortunate pair were Messrs. Innes and Constable.

We have received the third annual report of the Dover Chess Club, from which we learn that the past year has been highly successful. Three matches have been played with neighbouring associations, the Dover Club scoring two of them. The treasurer's account shows a handsome balance in hand.

The Greenwich Conservative Club have resolved to season politics with chess, and have formed an inner circle of members, under the title of the Salisbury Chess Club. The president is Mr. Merryweather, and the patrons are Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., L. W. Boord, Esq., M.P., Baron de Worms, M.P., Sir C. H. Mills, M.P., Sir Spencer Mayson Wilson, Bart., and Mr. C. D. Lang. The club already numbers thirty members; but as the parent association comprises over 1300 members, the "Salisbury" is likely to become large and, we trust, prosperous.

At the general meeting of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association, the Rev. J. Greene presented Mr. N. Fedden with the silver challenge cup which the former offered for competition five years ago. Mr. Greene spoke in high terms of Mr. Fedden's skill, and said that, as he had won the cup three years in succession, it now became his property. The final game in this competition appears above. The twelfth annual report of the above-named association has been sent to us, and we are glad to note that the past season has been prosperous, and that the current season was opened with a balance in the hands of the treasurer.

The problem which appears this week is taken from the *Deutsche Schachzeitung*, and we fancy our solvers will think as highly of it as we do.

After remaining open with great success three months and a half, the Cork Exhibition was closed last Saturday, when six military bands, containing 200 instrumentalists, played the British Army Quadrilles, in the presence of 10,000 persons.

The annual cat show took place at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday and Wednesday. The entries this year numbered 333, a number which has not been equalled for the last twelve years. There were fifty classes, covering all varieties, English and foreign, long-haired or short-haired.

Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Eugénie Kemble, Madame Osborne Williams, and Mr. W. Buels (violinello) assisted in the first concert of the Shoreditch series given by the Popular Ballad Concert Committee at the Townhall, Old-street, on Monday. Six monthly concerts are announced at Shoreditch this winter, of which three are ballad concerts, and two choral and orchestral, at the first of which Bennett's "May Queen" will be given by the choir of the committee. The series will also contain a concert devoted entirely to the music of Mendelssohn.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MOUNTCASHELL.

The Right Hon. Stephen Moore, F.R.S., Earl of Mountcashell,

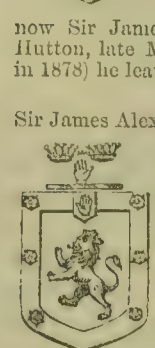


Viscount Mountcashell, county Tipperary, and Baron Kilworth, of Moore Park, county Cork, in the Peerage of Ireland, one of the Representative Lords, and the oldest peer in the House, died on the 10th inst. He was born Aug. 20, 1792, the eldest son of Stephen, second Earl,

by Margaret, his wife, eldest daughter of Robert, second Earl of Kingston; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1810; succeeded his father Oct. 27, 1822; and was elected a Representative Peer in 1826. He married, May 31, 1819, Anna Maria, daughter of Mr. Samuel Wyss, of Berne, Switzerland, and leaves three sons and four daughters—Lady Jane Moore, Lady Helena Newenham, Lady Anna Maria Freme, and Lady Catherine Morgan. The eldest son, Stephen, Lord Kilworth, born March 11, 1825, succeeds as fourth Earl Mountcashell; and the second, the Hon. C. W. Moore-Smyth, of Ballynatray, county Waterford, becomes heir-presumptive.

SIR JAMES WALKER, BART.

Sir James Walker, Bart., of Sand Hutton, county York, M.A., J.P., and D.L., died on the 8th inst., at his seat, Sand Hutton. He was born May 30, 1803, the only son of Mr. James Walker, of Springhead and Beverley, was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and there graduated in 1821. He served as High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1846, and was created a Baronet in 1868. He married, first, Jan. 13, 1829, Mary, fourth daughter of Mr. Robert Denison, of Kilmick Percy; and secondly, April 16, 1833, Maria, second daughter of the Rev. Stephen Robert Thompson, of Bilbrough. By the former (who died in 1850) he had one son, now Sir James Robert Walker, second Baronet, of Sand Hutton, late M.P. for Beverley; and by the latter (who died in 1878) he leaves seven sons and three daughters.



SIR JAMES DUNBAR, BART.

Sir James Alexander Dunbar, third Baronet, of the county of Nairn, J.P. and D.L., died on the 7th inst. He was born June 20, 1821, the second son of Captain Sir James Dunbar, of Boath, R.N., on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1814; and, after receiving his education at the Naval College, Portsmouth, entered the Royal Navy in 1831. In 1869 he became a retired Captain. He succeeded to the title at the decease of his brother, Sir Frederick, in 1851, and married, in 1854, Louisa Pemble, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Parsons, by whom he leaves two sons and one daughter. The elder son, now Sir Alexander James Dunbar, fourth Baronet, was born Nov. 22, 1870.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM BERESFORD.

The Right Hon. William Beresford, M.A., P.C., at one time Secretary of State for War, died on the 6th inst., in his eighty-eighth year. He was the second son of Marcus Beresford, by Lady Frances Arabella, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Milltown, and was grandson of the Right Hon. John Beresford, brother of the first Marquis of Waterford. After passing through Eton and Oxford, he entered the Army, from which he retired as Major 12th Lancers. From 1841 to 1847 he sat as M.P. for Harwich, and from 1847 to 1865 for North Essex. In 1852 he joined the Derby Administration as Secretary of State for War. He married, Dec. 19, 1833, Catherine, daughter of Mr. George Robert Heneage, of Hainton, Lincolnshire, and leaves two sons and one daughter. Major Beresford was for some time a Groom of the Privy Chamber.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Frederick Hose, M.A., Rector of Dunstable for thirty-eight years, on the 8th inst., aged eighty-one.

Mr. Alexander Dunlop, of Doonside and Dalwhinnie, Ayrshire, J.P., on the 30th ult., at Priory Lodge, near Largs, N.B.

Mr. Robert Gavin, an Academician of the Royal Scottish Academy, on the 6th inst.

Mr. William Talfourd Salter, Q.C., Benchler of the Middle Temple, a member of the South-Eastern Circuit, on the 5th inst.

The Rev. Gilbert Rodbard Blackburne, M.A., for forty-two years Vicar of Long Ashton, near Bristol, on the 25th ult., aged eighty-three.

Mary Isabella, Lady Strachey, daughter of Dr. J. A. Symonds, of Clifton, and wife of Sir Edward Strachey, Bart., on the 5th inst., at Sutton Court, near Bristol.

Frances Anne Wolseley, widow of Major Garnet Wolseley, King's Own Borderers, and mother of General Lord Wolseley, G.C.B., on the 7th inst., aged eighty-two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery, commanding the 41st Regiment and the column on the Lower Tugela, at Port Pearson, South Africa, on the 21st ult., from the bite of a snake.

Mr. Frederick Alexander, a leading member of the Society of Friends, and lately senior partner in the banking firm of Alexander, Gurney and Co.

Mr. Mark Milbank, of Thorp Perrow and Birmingham Park, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., nephew of the Duke of Cleveland, and elder brother of Sir Frederick Acclom Milbank, Bart., on the 6th inst., aged sixty-four.

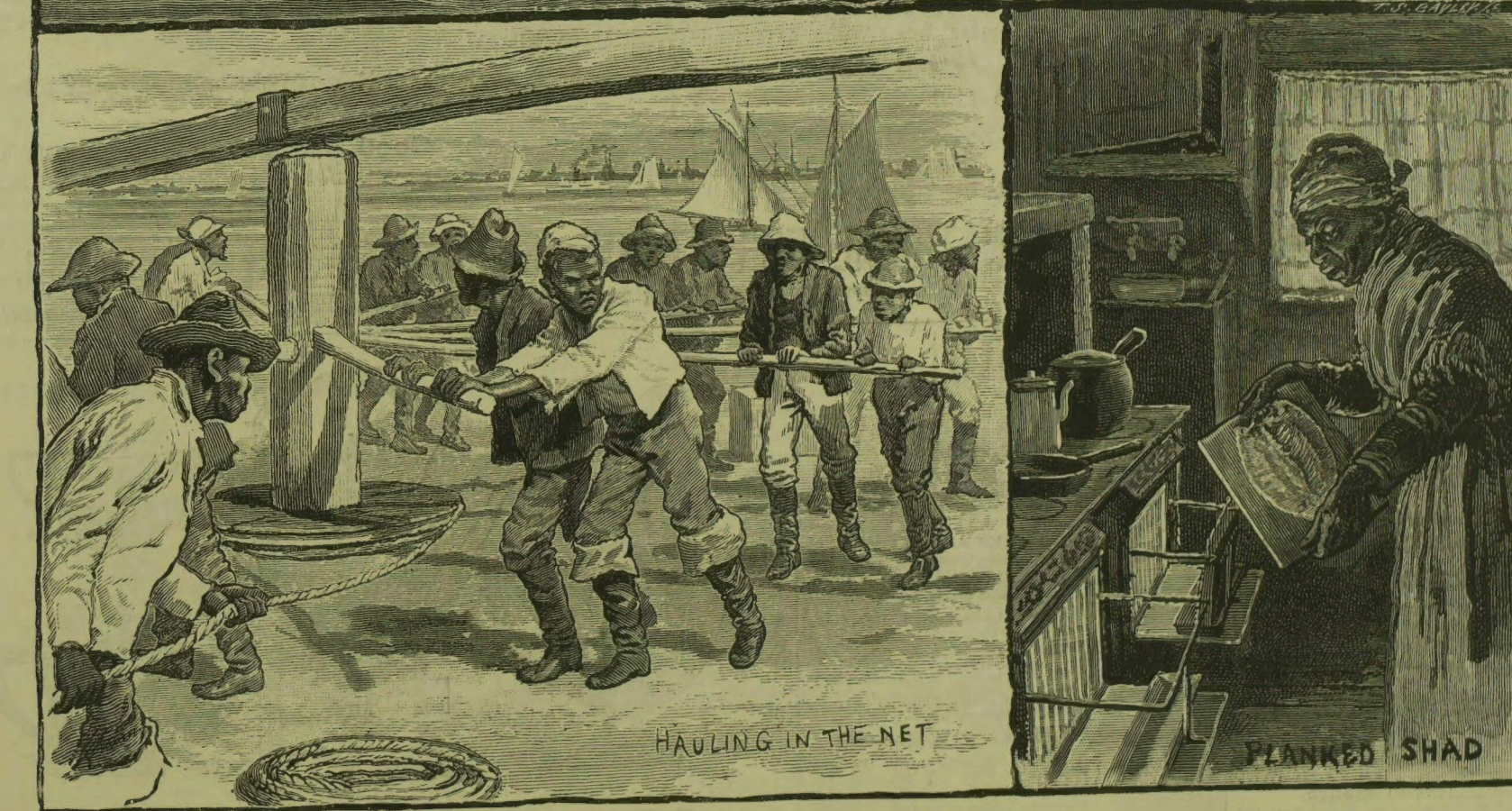
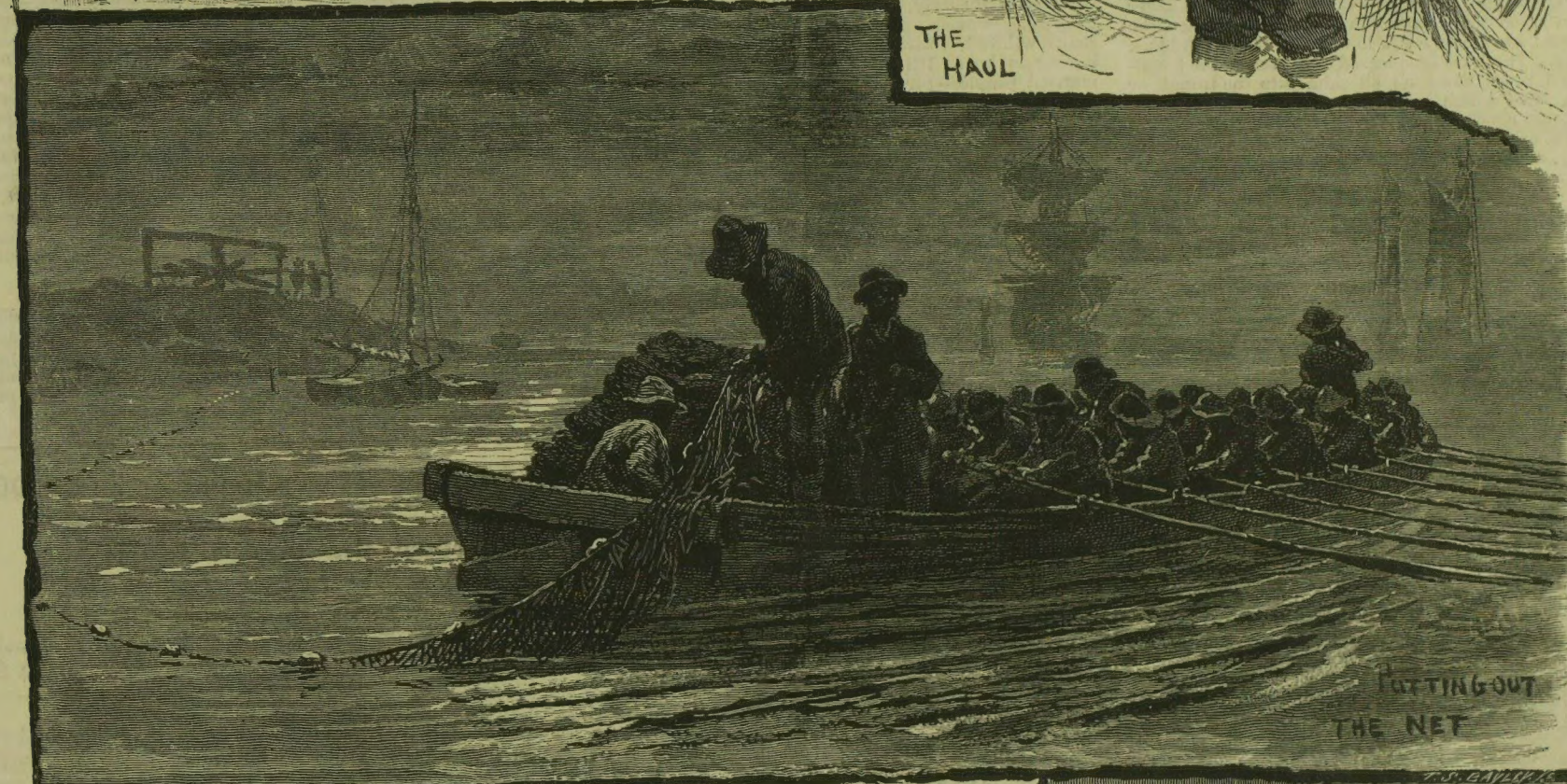
Alicia Eliza, Lady Scott, widow of General Sir John Scott, K.C.B., daughter of the Rev. H. Foster Mills, Chancellor of York, and granddaughter of Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, on the 5th inst., aged eighty-eight.

Colonel William Scott Drever, C.S.I., Madras Staff Corps, recently, at Madras, aged fifty-one. He entered the Indian Army in 1847, and obtained a Brevet Colonelcy in 1878. In 1856 he was employed in suppressing an insurrection in the Puarah-Kimedy district, and in 1859 an insurrection in North Canara. He acted for some time as Commissioner of Police for Madras, and, in recognition of services, was made a Companion of the Star of India in 1878.

Sir Henry Darvill, of Elmfield, Windsor, at Cherbury, Shropshire, on the 30th ult. A solicitor by profession, he filled for some years the offices of Town Clerk of Windsor and Clerk of the Peace. He was born April 16, 1812, the son of Mr. John Darvill, of an old Buckinghamshire family, by his wife, Jane Church White, of Worcester; and married, June 16, 1853, Ann, daughter of Mr. William Nash, of the Rectory, Langley, by whom he leaves issue. Lady Darvill died just three months before her husband, and only a few weeks after the honour of knighthood was conferred on Sir Henry.



APPLE-GATHERING AND CIDER-MAKING IN DEVONSHIRE.



APPLE GATHERING AND CIDER MAKING.

Few among the readers of old-fashioned English poets in this age keep up an acquaintance with John Philips and his stately blank-verse epic of "Cyder," a grave parody of the Second Book of Virgil's "Georgics," which discourses of vine-growing and the production of wine. The author lived in Queen Anne's time, and his countrymen have since learnt to spell "cider" with a different letter; but, although it is not now a fashionable drink, there are still people who like it, and the apple-tree is cultivated largely, for this purpose, in Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, but chiefly by farmers who make it an addition to their ordinary business of agriculture or dairy management. The favourite varieties of the plant for the manufacture of cider are quite different from those which produce the best "eating apples," and which are reared by market-gardeners about Heston, Hounslow, and other places in the neighbourhood of London. Small fruit, containing a large proportion of "pips" or seeds, which yield the albumen upon which the strength of the cider depends, will alone suit this manufacture; and much care is taken, by grafting and crossing, to procure the most profitable stocks. The apples are gathered when ripe; and ought always to be plucked by hand, so as not to be bruised by falling to the ground. They should be kept some months in a dry, cool room; and many a visitor in a West country farm-house, or in a rustic inn, will remember the sickly smell of such a store in some apartment near his bed-room at night. The apples are supposed to be thus getting more ripe, when they are in fact beginning slowly to decay, but the formation of saccharine is going on, and they are parting with some of their water. Chopping them up, in a machine like a chaff-cutter, is the first process of cider manufacture. The next is mashing, which is done in a machine usually composed of an upright circular stone, like a grindstone set vertically, revolving in the middle of a circular stone trough, in which the apples are placed till they are reduced to a pulp, their seeds also being well crushed. There are, however, modern improved machines, with successive different sets of rollers, the surface of which is fluted, and which break and squeeze the fruit with an increasing degree of strictness. The pulp, when thus prepared by the masher, is removed to the presser; a quantity of it, folded up in a horsehair cloth, is laid upon the press-board; another layer of the same kind is placed over it, and a third layer upon this, and so on till a sufficient pile is raised, when the whole is pressed down by a screw lowered from the top block of the machine. The juice is squeezed out through the horsehair cloth, and pours down on all sides into the trough or tank beneath, from which it is baled out, or pumped out, to be put into the fermenting vats. The process of fermentation is one of critical nicety, and is sometimes watched incessantly, night and day, especially when the weather is changeable, as heat and cold have a great effect upon it. It is considered that only so much fermentation should be allowed as to decompose one fourth of the sugar contained in the juice; if the fermentation be excessive, the cider will be sour, harsh, and thin. There is an expedient for checking fermentation by the fumes of a burning sulphur match held over the liquor, which is gently agitated by rolling the barrel meanwhile, but it is apt to give the cider a disagreeable flavour. Sweet ciders are often "doctored," like many wines, with brandy or other spirit; and in some cases an infusion of hops, or a solution of burnt sugar, or a little bullock's blood, for refining and making the cider bright, are deemed permissible additions. Good cider

ought to remain in the cask at least a twelvemonth before it is bottled.

The rough cider commonly drunk by the rustic population in Devonshire and Somersetshire is made with much less ceremony. The apples, when plucked in September or October, are deposited in little heaps beneath the trees of the orchard, as shown in our first Sketch, which shows an old Devonshire farm-house, with its thatched roof, heavy arched door, and mullioned window, probably the remains of an ancient monastic building. The farmer's friends have been invited to make a little domestic festival of the apple harvest, and we observe some of the young people "taking it easy," while a boy is loading himself with all that he can carry of the tempting fruit; but this is not the business of the occasion. When the apples are brought indoors, they are chopped in "the mill," a machine of very simple construction, as shown in the drawing. They are then placed on "the dish," a rough tray so called, between layers of straw to give cohesion to the heap, which, with the aid of a huge knife, is pared to a compact shape roughly in the form of a cheese. The dish, with the cheese upon it, is now laid on a huge block of timber, called the "bed," into which, and into the ceiling above, are let four iron bars that keep it in position, and allow the head of the press, called the "valure," to run up and down between them. The cheese, with the dish and bed beneath it, has placed on the top of it a flat board, called the "hatch;" on this are placed, so as to have the pressure well distributed, a number of cross-bars, carefully arranged. On the top and across these comes the "valure," into which a powerful screw is inserted, worked by means of a lever, as shown in the illustration. The juice squeezed from the apples is the cider in the rough, but it has yet to be strained by the women, and poured into a vat, where it is left at rest awhile to ferment. It is then placed in barrels, and considered fit to drink.

Mr. G. Henderson, of the Scottish Corporation, attended at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday week to hand to the magistrate a sovereign, which, with 25s. from others, will be given to Mrs. Strahan, who is ninety-three years of age, and was present on the field of Waterloo when her husband was killed.

The ship Linlithgowshire sailed from Greenock for Brisbane on Wednesday week, having on board 185 single men, 29 single women, and 183 married couples.—The ship Renfrewshire left Liverpool for Brisbane on Friday last week, having on board 102 single men, 17 single women, and 150 married people.—Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Ellora, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in July last.—The steam-ship Almora, Captain Franks, has embarked the following emigrants for Queensland—viz., 133 single men, 68 single women, and 175 families.

The Marquis of Launslow arrived in Londonderry yesterday week, accompanied by the Duke of Abercorn and a distinguished party, and received an address, presented by the Corporation. The Marquis, in reply, dwelt on the fact that the Irish to a great extent made up the population of the Dominion of Canada. He eulogised Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne, whose wise administrations, he said, would be his guide in the duties which he, as their successor, would soon have to undertake. The Bishop of Derry entertained the Marquis and party, and in the evening the Marquis embarked for Canada.

THE SHAD FISHERY IN AMERICA.

The United States of America contribute to the International Fisheries Exhibition a very important collection of models of fishing-vessels employed at different periods, from the earliest times until these days, on the rivers, lakes, and seacoasts of that region; a great variety of nets, traps, harpoons, rods and lines, and fishing tackle, most ingeniously contrived; and an immense number of accurate models, drawings, and photographs, plastercasts, and preserved specimens, fishery products, charts of the waters, statistical reports, and other materials of information, which are enumerated in a special catalogue. Mr. G. Brown Goode, Assistant Director of the National Museum at Washington, who is the United States Government Commissioner to this Exhibition, has described "the Fishery Industries of the United States" in a treatise read at the Conference of June 25, and printed as one of the valuable official "Handbooks," to which we have frequently referred. He states that the number of persons employed in these industries is 131,426, of whom 101,684 are fishermen; the fishery fleet consists of 6605 vessels, with a tonnage of 203,297 tons, and 41,804 boats, and the total amount of capital invested is nearly 38,000,000 dollars. The most extensive and valuable branches are the oyster fishery, the cod fishery, the Pacific salmon fishery, the whale fishery, the "menhaden" fishery, the seal and sea-otter fishery of Alaska, the mackerel fishery, and that of shad and "alewives." The last-mentioned, both the shad and alewife being fishes of the herring family, which come up the great rivers on the Atlantic coast of the Middle States, more especially, those of Delaware and Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, to lay their spawn at the approach of summer, produce altogether a yield reckoned worth a million and a half of dollars, or a quarter of a million sterling. Our illustrations of the Delaware shad fishery are furnished by sketches taken on that river by a correspondent of this Journal. The vessels, boats, and fishermen actually engaged in this pursuit are often those from the New England States, occupied in other fisheries at a different season of the year; but their assistants on shore are commonly the negro freedmen, who help to haul in the nets and perform various subordinate labours. Some of these lively "darkies" are represented in the Sketches diverting their leisure with a tuneless banjo, to which the white man listens complacently in the common room of a public-house. The net used is an ordinary seine, which is put out from the boat, to sweep a sufficient piece of water close to the shore, and is then hauled in by a fixed windlass. An excellent method of cooking shad, in which some of the old negro women are very skilful, is that of splitting the fish asunder, taking out the bones, and spreading the upper and under sides together upon a well-buttered board, with plenty of pepper and other condiments, in which state, being "planked" as they call it, the shad is toasted on a gridiron, making a delicious and wholesome repast. Shad are larger than herring, and their flavour is much esteemed; they are not, indeed, unknown to the fish-dealers and fish-eaters of England, as some are taken in the Severn, but in no great abundance.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House yesterday week to aid in extending the usefulness of the Working Lads' Institute in the Whitechapel-road. The Lord Mayor presided, and Bishop Cloughton, Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P., and others addressed the meeting. It was resolved to make an effort to raise £6000 for the building fund of the Institution.

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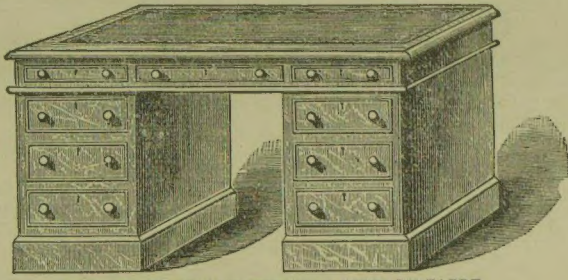
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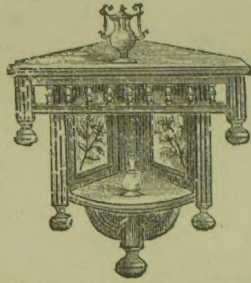
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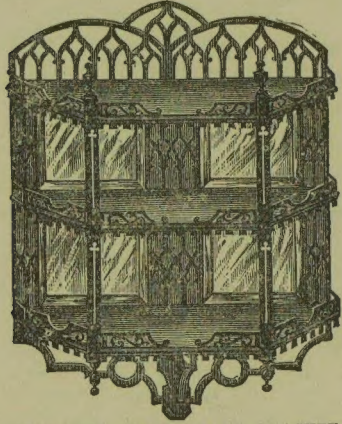
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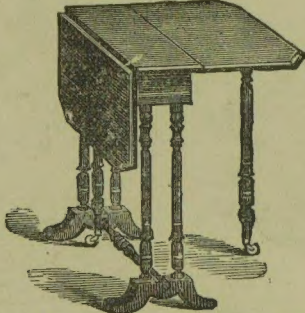
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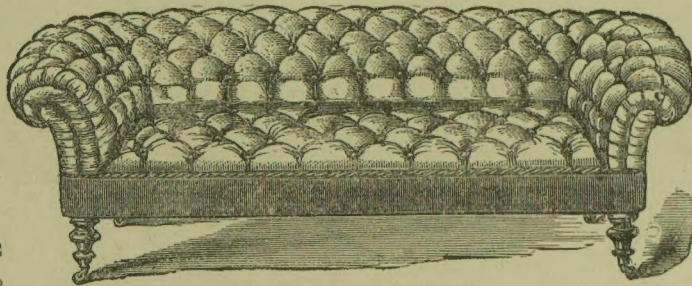


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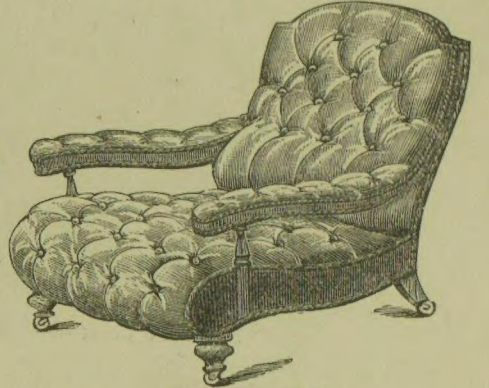
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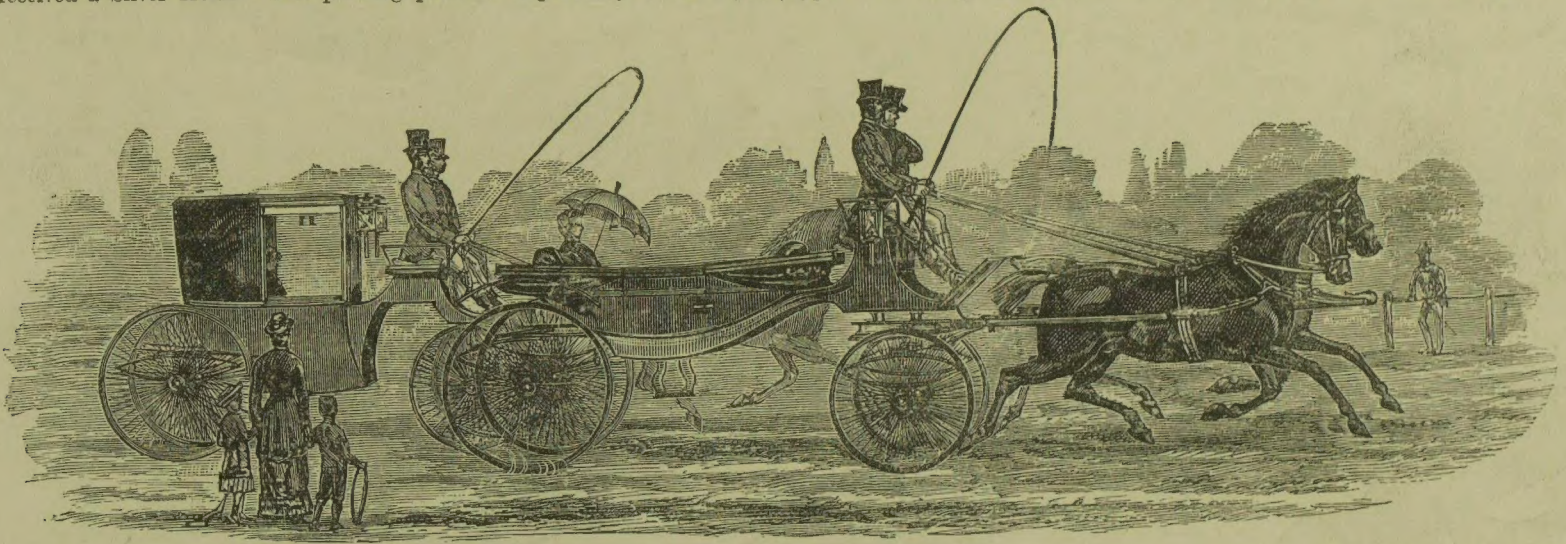
AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

After a long and protracted sitting of the Class, Superior, and Revising Juries, their labours have at length been brought to a close, and the official declaration of awards was made in the Palais de l'Industrie on Saturday, the 15th inst., at noon.

In the English Section we notice that Messrs. ATKINSON and PHILIPSON, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, have received a Silver Medal. This pleasing proof of impartiality is but a just

estimate of the value of their work. The specimens contributed by Messrs. A. and P. are suggestive of the perfection to which the leading English Builders have attained in their art, and are a pretty conclusive reply to the assertion that the English are inferior to their Continental brethren.

The illustration gives an idea of the ANGULAR BROUGHAM and the CANOE LANDAU; types of the two prevailing fashions, faultless in design and workmanship.



An ingenious piece of work that has been very much admired is the introduction of cloth and plush in the lining of the Brougham in high art style, old gold and olive green.

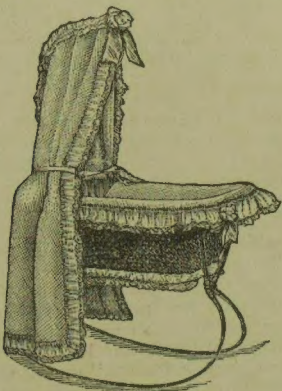
The Mortimer Brake, acting on the Nave instead of the Tire, is applied to this Brougham, and, in addition to its lightness and great power, it possesses the advantage of leaving the outline of body free and unbroken.

The Landau is a splendidly finished vehicle, richly-painted claret relieved with vermilion and silver mountings. Crocodile leather is the principal material used in the lining. The

cushions, backs, and doors are squabbed with this leather, which is bordered with Greek lace and has a pleasing effect. The head may be opened or closed by a lady while in the carriage, as it is fitted with the concealed balance-springs instead of outside joints, which are unsightly and do not allow the head to fall so level as the above.

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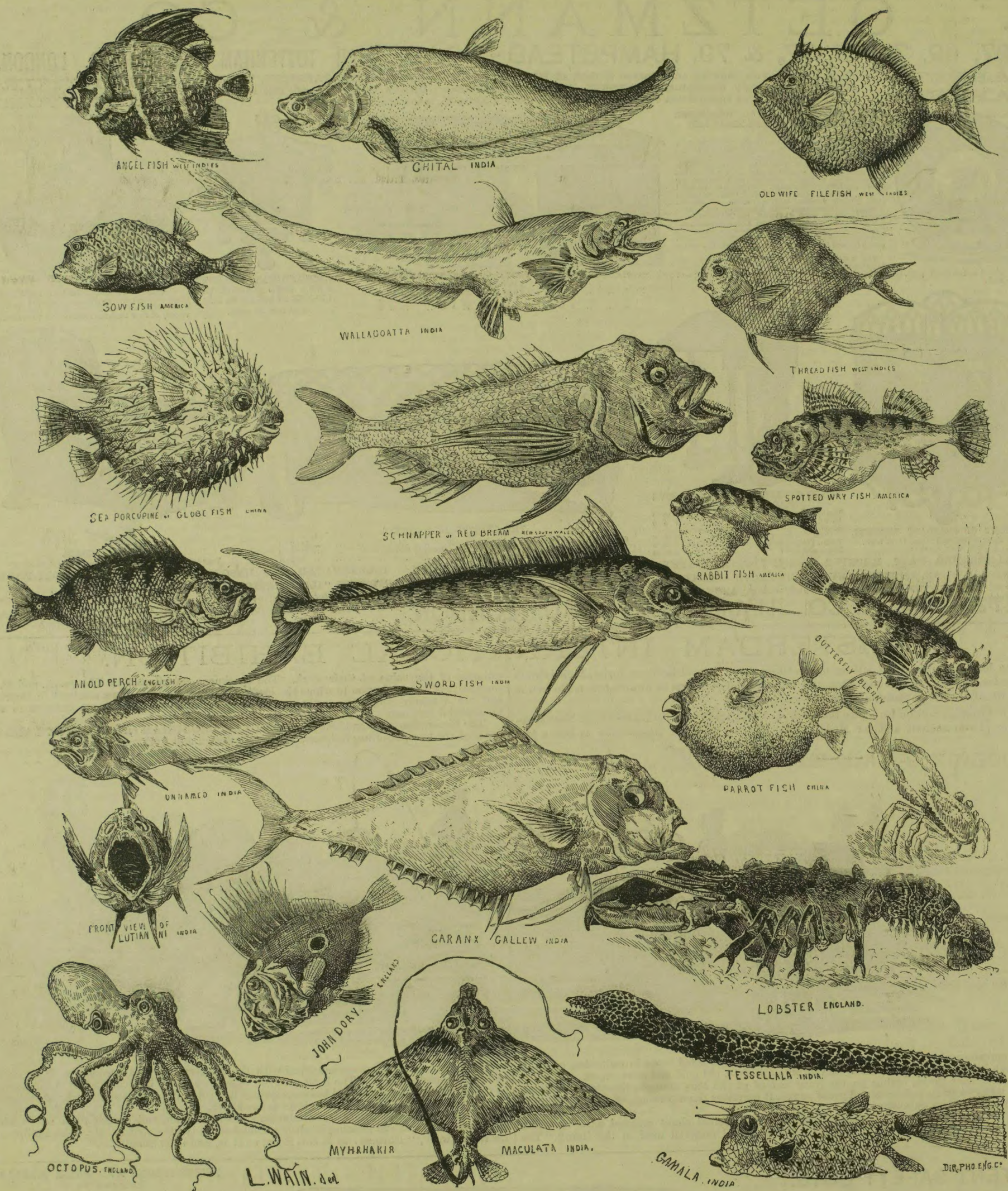
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ODD FISH AT THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES' EXHIBITION.

The visitor to the International Exhibition of Fisheries at South Kensington, which is to be closed on the last day of this month, will have been entertained and instructed by the sight of a great many curious specimens of marine natural history. These are to be found not only among the living tenants of the aquarium, which is probably the finest collection of its kind, and is certainly the best arranged, with the most perfect apparatus of congenial water supply, ventilation, and lighting, but also in the collections of preserved specimens, the plaster models, and the coloured drawings, which belong to the different geographical and national Sections. Our Artist has delineated about a score of the queerest-looking creatures to be noticed throughout the Exhibition, some of them already familiar to the British public, as being occasionally met with in our own narrow seas, others from the shores of Eastern Asia or of Australasia, described by learned naturalists. The common lobster, of which there are some very fine live examples in the Aquarium, is a wonderful animal; not properly a fish, but a "crustacean," with the crab, prawn, and shrimp, having their limbs for crawling about connected with the thorax, which is protected, with the head and limbs, by a complete suit of shell-armour, while the eyes, and the other organs of perception, are at the

extremity of long stalks or antennæ; the powerful claws and mandibles, and the abdomen with its seven-jointed rings, by which the broad swimming-tail is moved, are very conspicuous parts. It is evidently a gigantic insect, and so it is regarded by zoological science; nor is the octopus a fish, but a mollusc of the "cephalopod" or head-footed class, and supposed to be a great enemy of the lobster, whose shell it can easily break with its hard crooked beak after catching hold of it with the eight long flexible arms, furnished with a hundred and twenty pairs of tenacious suckers. Mr. Henry Lee's treatise on the octopus, however, since the habits of that singular creature were carefully observed at the Brighton Aquarium, has considerably modified the exaggerated popular notion of its powers, which had been magnified by Victor Hugo's romantic fancy in his "Travailleurs de la Mer"; but it is a fact that one nearly killed a man diving at Melbourne in 1879, and was only beaten off with an iron bar after twenty minutes' desperate combat. The octopus abounds on the west coast of France, and in some parts of the Mediterranean. The "John Dory," a name which is said to be a corruption of *jaune doré*, or golden yellow, though its colour is rather a pale olive brown, with a round black spot on each side, is sometimes offered for sale by our fishmongers, and is much

valued for the dinner-table. Its huge head, widely distended jaws, and row of long spines, with interposed slender filaments, above the dorsal fin, add to the grotesque peculiarity of its appearance. Another very queer British fish, but of small size, rarely exceeding three inches in length, is the butterfly blenny, which displays an extension of the dorsal fin ornamented with a round black spot, white edged, bearing some resemblance to a spotted butterfly's wing. This blenny has a remarkably short snout, a twofold crest on the head between the eyes, and its gills are protected by spines. It lives at the bottom among sea-weeds close to shore, and feeds on minute crustacea. In Mr. W. Saville Kent's treatise on "British Marine and Freshwater Fishes," one of the Handbooks issued by the International Exhibition Committee, will be found some account of the "Old Wife" (the black sea-bream), which is abundant on our south coast, but which is not always black; its ordinary hue is silver grey, but it becomes almost black after spawning, and quite black after death. There was a tradition that the male bream attached itself to one female mate for life, but this seems to be a fable. Of the file-fishes and the globe-fishes, it is stated, one or two species have been captured, but very rarely, in British waters.